

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

From Positions of Weakness

► AT GENEVA the communist powers are having it all their own way. The reason is not hard to find: the free world is negotiating from positions of weakness. In the three centres of the Western alliance, in Washington, in Paris, and in London, direction has given way to drift, confusion and frustration from resolution and accomplishment. Responsibility for this rather sudden turn of events has to be shared widely. In the United States the conduct of foreign policy seems to have fallen from the hands of the feckless President into those of the implausible Secretary of State who just at the moment seems to have no clear idea whom to alienate next. Whether anyone is solving the problems of strategy of defence seems doubtful to readers of reports about the new model army where privates require Ph.D.'s to fight, when at the same time a most galling and serious defeat has been inflicted on the West by the most conventional weapons: men and guns. The sight of the U.S. Army beating retreat before the onslaught of the defenders of Pte. Schine does nothing to dispel these doubts.

To the people of France the loss of Bien-Dien-Phu followed by German rearmament must appear like a nightmare of Dunkirk followed by the occupation. Their attitude may be irrational but it is comprehensible. Under the circumstances, Mr. Eden's insufferable reasonableness and Mr. Dulles' vague bullyings do them no credit. Nor do they simplify the task of M. Laniel before the Assembly where the communists, the Gaullists, and the neutralists all find it to their advantage to reduce France's effectiveness in the Western alliance. Worse, uncertainty about the fate of the government in Paris leaves M. Bidault no room for manoeuvre in Geneva.

Sir Winston Churchill's magic touch is sorely needed to put before the statesmen of the West the aim of which they seem to have lost sight temporarily. But the aim, which is peace without communist expansion, seems to have been clouded even to him. Bevanite attacks have reduced him to the rôle of a professional peacemonger so intent on avoiding further commitments in South-East Asia as to force the French and the Americans to lay the foundations of defence in that area without British participation. Instead of leading the West, Sir Winston seems to invite it to admire his virtuous isolation.

The real danger to the free world comes not from the military set-backs in Indo-China but from the total inability to cope with their political consequences. The present floundering are a far cry from the days of the Marshall plan, the air-lift, the NATO, and the stand in Korea. These days will not return until the unity and the sense of purpose which were their chief mark again animate the efforts of Western leaders. Whatever the outcome of the conference in Geneva, a meeting of the representatives of the U.S., France, and the U.K. is greatly overdue. Another Bermuda, however, simply will not do.

What is required are solutions to three vital problems. First, there is the form of the military and political structure of defence in South-East Asia. It must enable the Western powers to act fast and in unison wherever one of them is threatened, with need rather than ability setting

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Current Comment

Lean Year or Fat Year?

The large and unexplained discrepancy between the two official statistics of unemployment in Canada makes it extremely difficult to analyse the employment situation. The number of "applications for employment" on hand at National Employment Service offices on March 18 stood at 570,000. From a sample survey of thirty thousand households, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimated the number of "persons looking for work" at 332,000 for the week ending March 20.

The usual explanations of this discrepancy are unsatisfactory. The NES figure does not include applications from employed workers who merely wish to change jobs. Neither does it include workers receiving benefits for short-time unemployment unless they have made specific application. To be registered as job applicants, workers must re-apply every two weeks with NES, and this should surely qualify them as actively seeking work in the DBS survey.

The inconsistency of these two unemployment figures does not make for public confidence in government statistics. A serious investigation is badly needed.

Culture in Canada

Another June 1 has rolled around, the third since the tabling in the House of Commons of the Report of the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences. Dust off your copy of the Massey Report, thumb through it and you will be reminded of the recommendation that there should be established a council for the arts, letters, humanities and social sciences to be known as the Canada Council.

Should parliament pass an act establishing the Canada Council, as recommended, the Council would consist of fifteen members representative of the cultures and regions of Canada, with the chairman and vice-chairman as full-time appointments. It would proceed to appoint advisory committees in the principal fields of its operation. Steps would be taken to make the purposes and programs of UNESCO better known to the public. An annual conference would be organized at which national voluntary organizations would be consulted about UNESCO.

The Canada Council would proceed to set up a central office of information to answer domestic and foreign enquiries on the arts, letters, humanities and social sciences in Canada. This is a task which Mr. Walter Herbert of the Canada Foundation is now trying to do almost single handed. When required, the Council would make grants to voluntary organizations which serve the cultural life of the country. It would underwrite tours by distinguished Canadian artists and lecturers, commission music for events of national importance and establish awards for talented musicians, actors, writers, artists and dancers.

The fault that we do not have a Canada Council lies not with the government, but with ourselves. It is certain that Mr. St. Laurent and his colleagues will let the matter lie, unless prodded into action. In the past the Royal Society of Canada, the Canadian Arts Council and the National Council of Canadian Radio and Television Artists have indicated their interest in this subject. Someone in some of these organizations should set up a Conference on the Canada Council, or a Committee for the Canada Council. It will take considerable effort to shake us all out of our lethargies, and to shake the government into action.

We appreciate the efforts on behalf of Canadian culture by Corbys, Labatts and the House of Seagram. It's about time the rest of us pitched in to prove that the brewers and the distillers are not the only friends and supporters of culture in Canada.

Canadian Calendar

★ Premier Angus L. Macdonald, of Nova Scotia, died on April 13 at the age of 64. He was succeeded by Mr. Harold Connolly.

★ The CCF Party and the Social Credit Party decided during April to organize provincial sections in Newfoundland.

★ On April 15 Health Minister Martin said there are indications that Canada's death-rate from tuberculosis last year dropped to 18 per 100,000 population (rate in 1942 was 51.4 per 100,000).

★ Toronto Men's Press Club on April 14 named six men and one woman as winners of the fifth annual National Newspaper Awards. The winners were: T. E. Nichols (*Hamilton Spectator*), Judith Robinson (*Toronto Telegram*), Gerald Clark (Canada Wide Feature Service), Jack Scott (*Vancouver Sun*), Bill Dennett (*Vancouver Sun*), R. W. Chambers (*Halifax Chronicle-Herald and Mail-Star*).

★ The Orient Steam Navigation Co. Ltd. announced on April 15 that it is setting up a regular passenger service between Vancouver and Australia with four 29,000 ton British liners—the largest ever in regular service on the Pacific.



**CANADIAN POETRY
IN ENGLISH**

*Edited by Bliss Carman, Lorne Pierce
and V. B. Rhodenizer*

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★ Government House at Ottawa announced on April 16 that Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, will make a one-day visit to Ottawa on June 3. He will also visit Montreal and Quebec.

★ Premier Smallwood, of Newfoundland, announced on April 20 that a British and Newfoundland corporation development group, headed by the famous British financial house of Rothschild, was now conducting a \$1,000,000 hydro power survey in Newfoundland and Labrador.

★ It was announced at Ottawa on April 21 that unemployment in Canada reached a postwar peak in March. Immediately the major labor congresses called for Federal action to ease its effects. At the same time Government figures, by an apparent anomaly, also showed employment on the rise as the spring pickup set in after several months of decline.

★ Percy R. Bengough said on April 23 that he is retiring this year from the presidency of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada.

★ The sale of wine and beer with meals will be permitted in British Columbia hotels and restaurants according to new legislation approved last fall. The CPR and CNR may also sell liquor on their trains in B.C.

★ Dr. Alfred Valdmanis, former chairman of the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation controlled by the Newfoundland Government, was arrested on April 23 in St. Andrews, N.B., and taken to Newfoundland where he faces charges of extorting "hundreds of thousands of dollars" from firms he dealt with as a Newfoundland Government officer. Valdmanis, along with Smallwood, had introduced about a dozen new industries to Newfoundland.

★ On May 3 Prime Minister St. Laurent told Quebec taxpayers that if they are to be spared paying 10 per cent more income tax than other Canadians their provincial government must come forward with an acceptable alternative to the tax agreement it has rejected.

★ On May 9 Premier Duplessis pledged his Government's support to promote employment of home-trained technicians and said Quebec's continuing industrial development opens careers for thousands.

★ The cities of Toronto, Windsor, Montreal, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Halifax will be Canadian focal points of a continent-wide civil defence test in June, according to a statement made in Vancouver on April 23 by Maj. Gen. F. E. Worthington, Canada's civil defence chief.

★ Officials of the Stratford Shakespeare Festival announce that on April 26 (Shakespeare's birthday) the capital funds campaign had reached \$66,094. To qualify for the \$40,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, Canada must raise \$80,000 by June 30.

★ The immigrants arriving in Ontario this year will at least equal last year's number and may approach the record set in 1951.

★ Henry Murphy (Liberal MP from Westmoreland, N.B.) demanded in the Commons on April 26 that the Federal Government fulfill its pre-confederation pledge to build the Chignecto Canal to link the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy, which (he said) would revitalize the economy of the Maritimes.

★ The Federal Government has agreed to contribute half the cost of civil defence programs.

★ The Royal Society of Canada announced on April 28 the election of 32 new Fellows, bringing its membership to 472.

★ R. J. Rankin, managing-editor of the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald and Mail-Star*, has been elected president of the Canadian Press, Canada's co-operative news service.

★ On April 30 the Royal Society of Canada announced the award of three scholarships to the following to enable them to pursue English studies in Great Britain: Dr. W. Robbins, of Vancouver, Mrs. C. Black, of Winnipeg, and J. M. Robinson, of Toronto.

★ On April 30 Premier Duplessis announced grants totalling \$16,000,000 in aid to universities and hospitals under provision of Quebec's new income tax.

★ Canadian farmers' net income declined by 13 per cent to \$1,656,600,000 in 1953 from \$1,900,800,000 in 1952 and from the record high of \$2,154,500,000 in 1951, the Bureau of Statistics reports.

★ Governor-General Vincent Massey visited Washington on May 3-5 and addressed a joint session of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

★ Crude oil production in Saskatchewan during February jumped 22 per cent over the January total and 55 per cent over the same month last year, the Department of Mineral Resources at Regina reports.

★ The art museum of London, Ont., is the setting for the 14th annual exhibition during May of the Western Art League which, with more than 800 active members, represents thousands active in art in cities and towns of western Ontario from Windsor to Niagara Falls.

★ For the third year in succession, Canada admitted more Germans than any other national group as immigrants in the calendar year 1953. The 34,193 Germans were about one-fifth of the 168,868 immigrants of all nationalities.

★ Camille L'Heureux, editor of the Ottawa *Le Droit*, said on May 11 that Roman Catholic Quebec "can surely do a great deal more than it has done until now in favor of Catholic immigrants."

★ The executive council of the 580,000 member Trades and Labor Congress asked the Government on May 12 to shut off immigration until it becomes clear that further immigration will not aggravate unemployment.

★ Production of Ontario's fresh fruit supply is being seriously threatened by the province's prosperity. Today the total of fruitland in the Niagara Peninsula is less than it was in 1950, owing to the fact that industrial and residential expansion are stealing the most favorable fruit-growing acreage in the province.

★ On May 13 President Eisenhower signed the bill authorizing the U.S. to join Canada in building the St. Lawrence Seaway. But in Ottawa it became evident that this does not automatically ensure that Canada will accept U.S. participation in the project to open the Great Lakes to ocean shipping. In any case, long and difficult negotiations will be necessary before any decision can be reached.

★ On May 13 the Alberta Government gave its go-ahead for export of natural gas from the province to Eastern Canada by approving the issuing of an export permit to Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. The gas is to start flowing east not later than Dec. 1, 1955.

The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.

London Diary

► IF THIS WERE being written, not from a London of tumult and change, but from a quiet academic glade, it would seem more proper to say that the important political events of the month had been the almost simultaneous explosions into print of the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition and that great political operator, Herbert Morrison. Even in London, it is difficult to overlook the significance of these more reflective acts.

Sir Winston has concluded his war story and this has been a time for grand reviews of the six volumes, for conclusions on his view of history, for definitive statements on his real contribution to the processes of parliamentary government.

No one tries to deny his bias, his occasional *arrière-pensée* or his selective process, but no reviewer has sought to challenge the greatness of the achievement—the literary achievement—completed within ten years of the war's end, in his eightieth decade and under the pressure of high office still.

Mr. Attlee's book is his autobiography, "As It Happened." It reveals very little about high policy, the clash of personality or even the procedural problems of social revolution. But it tells a great deal about middle-class England of the early century, of a political conviction that was found through work in the East End of London and of how a man, not anticipating great power, can sustain it with great courage and integrity and with that peculiar kind of greatness that some will only reveal after power and decision have been thrust upon them.

* * * *

It may be that, for the future student, the most important of these books is Herbert Morrison's "Government and Parliament." Mr. Morrison has worked under three Prime Ministers, for four governments and in six Parliaments. This, together with his local government experience—he was for six years Leader of the London County Council—and his party managing has given him a more varied political career than anyone else in the country save Sir Winston himself. He has worked and altered the most elusive of constitutions and, as Leader of the House of Commons from 1945-50, he set the timetable of an orderly revolution. He has revealed much that is new about modern cabinet government. When he decides to be a little indiscreet—in his memoirs, perhaps—we shall know a good deal more.

He is a consummate artist, complete with temperament, in political forms. One could see him, too, as the editor, dramatist, composer and conductor he would also like to be.

* * * *

The temperament was to be seen in the vigorous clash with Bevan. Bevan's resignation from the Labor Shadow Cabinet—an unmannered and untimely act, however just the reason may have been—was met by a stinging onslaught upon him and his methods by Morrison in a journal of little circulation which received, nevertheless, headline publicity. The trouble with that was, whether justified or not, it contravenes a standing order of his parliamentary party that no leader shall make a personal attack upon another in public. Bevan has replied that he is only concerned with differences of principle and does not engage in the abuse of personalities. Presumably he regards an old reference to Morrison as a "third-rate Tammany boss" as the elucidation of a point of principle.

However, it may perhaps be helpful to correct a lot of flamboyant comment that has appeared on the cause and consequence of Bevan's behavior.

There will always be disagreement in the British socialist movement. There will always be more argument in a party of social change than in one whose main concern is to con-

serve. Moreover, it needs to be said that the extreme groups in any party are always the most vocal.

As to Bevan himself it is difficult to recognize him in some newspaper accounts. Fiery, brilliantly oratorical, bitter? Yes. Overweeningly ambitious and revolutionary? These it is more difficult to be certain about. He has said on occasion that new ideas were not vital to the Labor movement, that they did not need back-room boys studying new ways of making socialism work. All that was needed was the right people with the socialist faith and the urge to win. If you look at the problems of twentieth-century Britain, at the immensely complicated technical problems that face it, socially as well as industrially, you must say that Bevan's prescription is inadequate, that, for a revolutionary, he has a strangely reactionary point of view.

It is hard to analyse precisely the differences between the Bevanite and Morrisonian points of view, particularly in foreign affairs. It is unrealistic to think of it as a compound of personal animosity and pro- and anti-American sentiment. Under Ernest Bevin, the Labor Government formed and executed a foreign policy that flattened criticism from within the party. This was due in large part to the personality of Ernest Bevin himself. I shall long remember listening to the speech he made in 1947 when, replying to the first signs of revolt against his policy, he summed up his strength and fury, hunched his shoulders and said that in the execution of his country's foreign policy he was being "stabbed in the back" by people in his own party. That is what you might call flattening criticism. It does not create an atmosphere of tolerant disputation within which the modern democratic party must decide policy. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the policies of Ernest Bevin—and he was a very considerable statesman—the effect was that, after his death, and that of Sir Stafford Cripps, protest broke through with the gush that follows prolonged restraint.

* * * *

The London Theatre has just dipped into a trough of calm after a high, glittering seventh wave of freshness and breadth. Of all recent joys the new Christopher Fry play was the most anticipated. After the phosphorescent talk of "The Lady's Not For Burning" and the fall theme of "Venus Observed" where even the moon was reduced to

" . . . nothing
But a circumambulating aphrodisiac
Divinely subsidised to provoke the world
Into a rising birth-rate,"

we passed through the "Sleep of Prisoners" to this winter tale "The Dark is Light Enough," less flashing in its imagery, more purposive and universal in its plot. It is the story of an ageing countess of the Austro-Hungarian war of 1848-49 who, while alarms and deceits and desertions swirl around her, maintains a twinkling pacifism and a gentle assertion of the fallibility of man's judgment of man. Through the whole fine verse of this play, felt and spoken with the exquisite modulations of Dame Edith Evans, there is Fry's ever-present hint of deep compassion.

The new play with a more particularly Canadian interest is the latest experiment of Alec Guinness. "The Prisoner" by Bridget Boland is the story of ordeal by interrogation, with Guinness as a Cardinal being questioned by an interrogator who intends to get a complete confession in the modern manner by the technique of the psycho-analyst's interview, by legal and medical advice: no truth serum, no brow-beating, no rack. It would take a long notice to discuss whether this dialogue succeeds but, for Guinness, it is another of the ventures he delights in and a part which he plays with sustained conviction.

Among the flash of other new plays there is a fine, swaggering Robert Morley piece, "Hippo Dancing," and "The Manor of Northstead," a worthy successor to the "Chiltern Hundreds." The American self-mocking piece "The Teahouse of the August Moon" has been well received and, at the Old Vic, a stage-gadgety "Tempest" has been added to their current repertoire. And a weekly journal has a couple of articles on the decline of the British theatre.

* * * *

The Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy has been panned in a decorous kind of way by most of the critics. But they have found consolation enough in "Manet and His Circle" at the Tate Gallery, an exhibition of new Picassos, works by a serious young British painter, Claude Rogers, who likes succulent paint and some new sculptures by Reg Butler who set off a gay to-do about eighteen months ago with his prize-winning wire construction "The Unknown Political Prisoner." There is only a segment of Manet or his circle at the Tate but his unfinished "Clemenceau" and the fascinating "La Dame Aux Eventails" have come from the Louvre. The latter is the outcome of a duel, as one writer put it, between the painter and his bewitching model. The honors look even.

Picasso adds a few quizzical sculptures to a collection of paintings that are all in his own, now-established conventions. They have not caused a great stir.

When summer comes the Londoner moves rapidly out of town for the week-end or the day or just the evening and London acquires a strange shirt-sleeved crowd that is not its own because its own would not walk its streets in such a deshabille. Meanwhile he makes his own private excursion

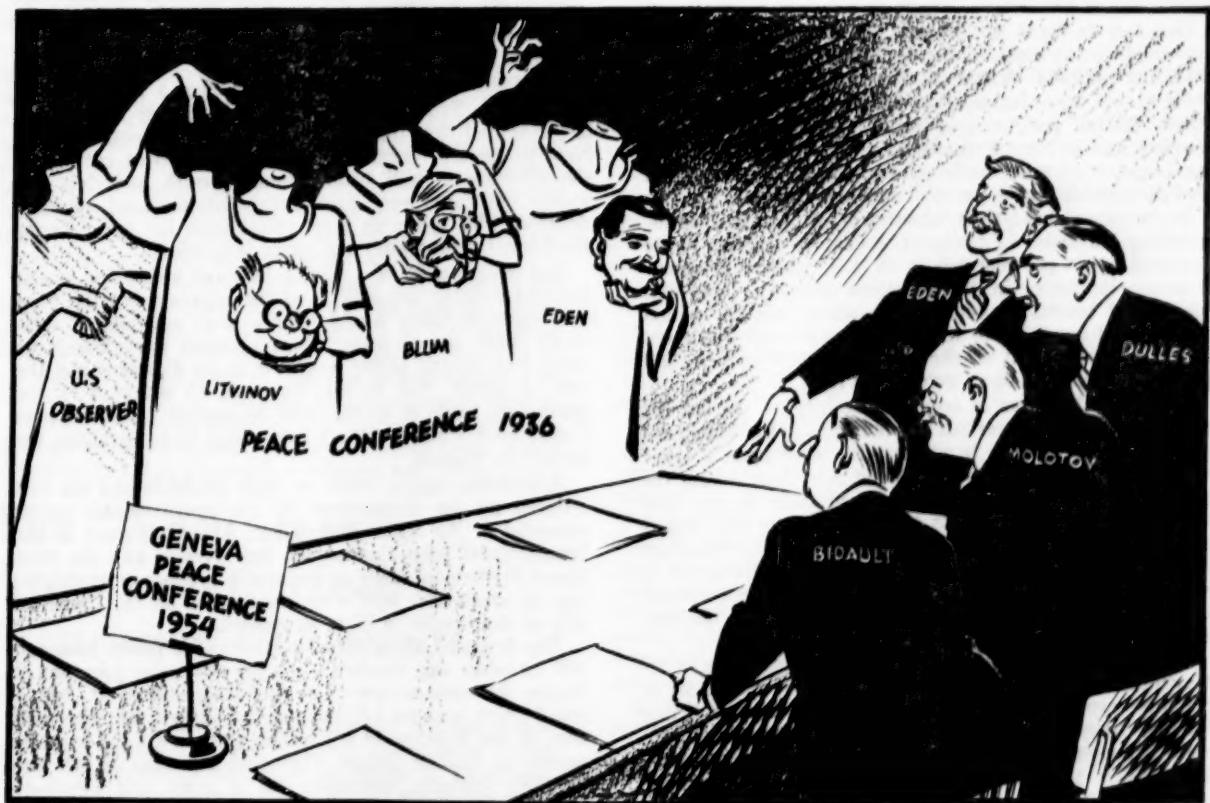
into the country or the seaside or the green belt and graceful riverside on his own door-step. These pleasures are not ready-made. They require preparation, deliberate choice and because of the climate a readiness to look foolish, which the Englishman can do with remarkable aplomb. All of which explains, in part, the extra jauntiness with which the rolled umbrella was swiped, the added joy the fast walk to the station gave him, the have-a-go dash with which he chased the disappearing bus, the morning he found that an Englishman could do a four-minute mile.

GORDON HAWKINS.

FROM POSITIONS OF WEAKNESS

(Continued from Front Page)

the size of the military contributions of each country. Further, it must enable friendly Asian nations—Ceylon, Burma, Thailand—to associate themselves with the West on terms which will not be politically offensive and economically onerous. Secondly, a fresh start must be made on the problem of German rearmament. If the principle of global commitments is accepted, then it follows that Germany may be required to put a part—perhaps a considerable part—of her new military strength far from home. Serious German objections can be met by the argument that common defence requires sacrifices from each member of the alliance, even the Germans. Thirdly, the most difficult task of devising ways for putting the needs of the alliance ahead of considerations of advantage in domestic politics must be tackled. The degree of success in solving these problems will give the odds on the West's ability to remain both strong and free.



CRIPES! THE PLACE IS HAUNTED!

The Future of the Economy of the Maritime Provinces

William Y. Smith

► ANY STUDY of the expansion of the Canadian economy on a regional basis since the end of World War II must reveal that the retarded condition of the economy of the Maritime Provinces still remains as a national problem. During the war, the increase in incomes of the people of the Maritimes kept pace with that of the country as a whole. However, wartime expansion, due to the strategic importance of the region and the dearth of heavy industry, was concentrated primarily in the construction of installations for the three services, in the transportation industries, and in service industries catering to the armed forces, rather than in the production of the weapons and materials of war. As a result, the Maritime Provinces did not experience the industrial revolution which the rest of the country enjoyed and the war left no legacy of large scale industrial plant to serve as a firm base for post-war expansion.

With the conclusion of the war and the removal of the stimulus of defence spending, the old traditional weaknesses of the Maritime economy reasserted themselves, once more. These weaknesses were reinforced by the fact that, during the war, many Maritime industries had suffered a relative decline in efficiency as compared with the industries of Ontario and Quebec. The result has been that the expansion of the economy of the region has continued to lag behind that of the rest of Canada to a serious degree.

This fact is borne out by any economic indicator that one would care to consider. For example, in the period 1946-1952, the personal income of the people of Canada as a whole in real terms increased by 16 per cent. But in Prince Edward Island real personal income increased by only 6 per cent, and in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia real personal income actually declined, dropping by 3 per cent in New Brunswick and 9 per cent in Nova Scotia.

In the period 1947-1953, investment in Canadian manufacturing industries in terms of dollars of constant value increased by 24 per cent but in 1953 investment in manufacturing industries in the Maritime Provinces was well below 1947 levels. Throughout the whole post-war period the retarded condition of the Maritimes has been reflected in the movement out of the area of skilled workers and university graduates at an accelerated rate.

The general decline in economic activity of the last six months has had more serious repercussions in the Maritimes than elsewhere because it was superimposed upon a lower level of economic activity. Economic conditions during the past winter have been more depressed than at any time since 1945 and large pockets of unemployment and under-employment have appeared in many parts of the Maritime region. As a consequence, the past six months have served to emphasize to Maritimers the retarded economic condition of the region and has brought to the fore the whole question of the future of regional economy.

In assessing the possibilities for economic expansion in the Maritimes, the considerable differences in the economies of the three provinces are often not fully appreciated. Prince Edward Island is almost completely an agricultural province although it has a fishing industry of some importance. The bulk of the Island's income is derived from farming and particularly from potato farming so that there is a close relationship between the level of potato prices and the level

of income. This, of course, makes for considerable instability.

Nova Scotia has the most diversified economy of the three provinces and the most highly industrialized with large scale coal mining and steel production in Cape Breton, a considerable number of mixed manufacturing industries, and a modest sized pulp and paper industry. Since the war, the rate of industrial expansion has been very low primarily because Nova Scotian industry was a relatively high cost industry before the war and the war tended to worsen its relative position.

Of the three Maritime Provinces, New Brunswick has the greatest opportunity for economic expansion at the present time. Indeed, recent developments indicate that economists may have to consider the New Brunswick economy to be in a different category altogether from that of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. While these provinces have reached a stage of economic maturity in the sense that they do not have substantial known resources which can be the basis for great economic expansion, this is not now true of New Brunswick. Recent discoveries and surveys have indicated that New Brunswick possesses base metal deposits, a forest potential, and sources of hydroelectric power which can be the basis for very substantial economic expansion in the future.

The base metal deposits are of particular importance. In the last year proven reserves of over 50 million tons of lead, zinc, silver, copper, tin, and manganese have been discovered in the Bathurst area of Northern New Brunswick. The possibilities for the rapid and extensive development of the deposits seem to be very good. Preliminary surveys indicate that production costs will be relatively low and the deposits are all located close to the sea coast so that the processed ore or refined metal will have access by low cost water transportation to the principal industrial markets of the world.

In addition to the Bathurst discoveries, a recent report of the New Brunswick Department of Lands and Mines has indicated that there is a large unused potential in the New Brunswick forests. It appears that present cutting in the Province is well below annual growth and that the annual cut could very considerably be increased, perhaps doubled. This opens up great possibilities for expansion in the lumbering and pulp and paper industries.

The development of a mining industry with allied smelting and refining industries and the expansion of the pulp and paper industry would require large amounts of relatively cheap electric power. At the present time there is no surplus of electric power available in the Province and the cost of power, due to the fact that 75 per cent of the generating facilities of the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission consist of high cost steam units, is about the highest in Canada.

A sufficient supply could be made available and the cost reduced by the development of the hydro electric power potential of the Saint John River. A recent report of the International Joint Commission has revealed that the river above Fredericton could economically produce over 700,000 h.p. of which over half would be located on the Canadian side of the border in New Brunswick.

The first step in developing this electric power potential will be taken this summer when the provincial government begins the construction of a generating station at Beechwood which is about 100 miles above Fredericton. The total cost of the Beechwood generating station will be approximately 45 million dollars. Financing a project of this size certainly presents difficulties for a small and relatively poor province like New Brunswick. The provincial government has requested financial assistance from the federal

government but there is no indication, thus far, that any assistance from Ottawa will be forthcoming.

The depressed condition of the Maritime economy and the opportunity which lies open to New Brunswick has brought home to the people of the Maritime Provinces the fact that the federal government has no really effective way in which it can give special assistance to provinces to implement a program of regional development. Many Maritimers feel that federal economic policy does not recognize, to a sufficient degree, the fact that Canada consists of five economic regions and that while economic conditions in the country as a whole may be satisfactory, yet within one region conditions may be most unsatisfactory with declining incomes and considerable unemployment.

They feel that the fiscal and monetary weapons upon which the federal authorities place so much reliance should be supplemented with finer weapons which can be used to cope with regional economic problems. Foremost among these they would place a system of annual grants from the federal government which would be deliberately based on the principle of fiscal need and also some means by which federal financial assistance could be made available to the poorer provinces to expand public investment when the economic conditions of the region warrant it. There is, of course, nothing new in these proposals.

The principle of relating the annual federal government grants to fiscal need was the basis of the system of National Adjustment Grants which was recommended by the Rowell-Sirois Commission. It has been argued that the present system goes a long way towards satisfying the fiscal need principle. However, this is only true in a very haphazard way and the need for additional revenues is clear from even the most cursory study of the budgets of the three Maritime Provinces.

The need for federal financial assistance to the provinces to expand public investment so as to aid in maintaining full employment was recognized by the federal government at the abortive Dominion-Provincial Conference in 1945. At this conference, the federal government offered to pay part of the planning cost of approved public investment projects together with twenty per cent of the capital cost, provided the province would agree to commence the project at a time when there was considerable unemployment. However, this proposal never got beyond the discussion stage.

Any survey of the Maritime economy today must come to the conclusion that outside aid in the form of federal assistance is needed to increase incomes in the Maritime region. Federal aid to the Maritimes should not be on an ad hoc basis but should come as part of a general federal plan to assist provinces to maintain full employment through a program of regional economic development. Certainly the depressed condition of the Maritime economy today makes it obvious that it is time such a program was implemented.

The "Voluntary" Approach to Health Insurance in Canada

Albert Rose

PART 2

► THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT that the problem of providing and financing a comprehensive program of health services of adequate quantity and quality for all Canadians, is among the most complicated and difficult issues ever faced by our three levels of government, singly or together. By comparison, the programs of Family Allowances and Old

Age Security, involving, respectively, the issuance of monthly cheques in relatively fixed amounts to mothers of children and persons over 70 years of age, demand the most simple administration. It could even be argued that the problem is far more difficult than that of providing Unemployment Insurance.

It is important to realize that the provision of health services, whether under "voluntary" or "public" auspices, involves social, economic, political, administrative and professional considerations of the greatest importance to the nation as a whole. Moreover, the attitudes of many individuals and groups toward the very approach to the problem are shaped by the most basic political and social philosophy concerning the role of government and the role of the individual citizen in our present society.

In this situation a great deal of confusion emanates from the prevalent use of the term "health insurance." A good many people believe that it is possible to provide individuals or families with health services through the device of "insurance." It is important that Canadians understand that what they are doing is prepaying the costs of health care which they or their dependents may require in the future. The limited nature and variety of the health services for which they prepay are specified carefully in the contracts which they receive from a medical or hospital association-sponsored plan or from a private insurance company.

The Pros and Cons of the "Voluntary" Approach

The basic philosophical premises of the "voluntary" approach are the familiar tenets of an "individualistic" philosophy. It is the responsibility of the individual, primarily, to provide health care for himself and his family. On ethical grounds it is highly desirable that this responsibility be assumed. Moreover, the pattern, on this continent, of a personal doctor-patient relationship with direct payment for service received, has ensured the highest standard of care in the world. On professional grounds it is highly desirable that this relationship be continued.

There are, it is recognized, a few persons or families who are so unfortunate as to lack income or to suffer such severe illnesses or physical or emotional handicaps that they are in receipt of public assistance. The provision of health services for these people is considered to be a proper charge upon the state by arrangement with the health service professions. In any event many persons in such circumstances are normally treated by professional practitioners without fees being charged. For those persons who are normally self-supporting yet fail to receive adequate health care, a program of public education is recommended to emphasize the virtues of individual responsibility and the benefits of preventive health services.

For the great majority, therefore, participation in a "voluntary" or private health service plan which permits prepayment, in whole or in part, of hospital, surgical or medical services is greatly to be encouraged. Whether these programs take the form of self-sustaining plans like Blue Cross or profit-making plans like those of many life insurance companies, they are equally satisfactory. Whether these programs involve premiums from the individual participant or are subsidized in whole or in part by his employer, they are deemed to involve the assumption of individual responsibility and to avoid the evils of government-sponsored plans.

It has already been indicated in the last issue of the *Forum* that substantial minorities of Canadians are now "covered" for hospital, surgical or medical services, and combinations thereof, and that the number and variety of such plans are increasing steadily. These very facts are made the argument for their perpetuation. Those who favor the extension of "voluntary" coverage through the

private plans contend that there is great advantage in using existing organizations and administrative experience. Moreover, subsidies from employers or even from governments would permit extension of such benefits to those whose income does not now permit the payment of the required premiums, and would encourage most Canadians to assume some responsibility for their own health care.

As well, to the extent to which the costs of health care are assumed through the private plans, the community as a whole will benefit through the reduction in the costs it now assumes for those who do not or will not assume responsibility. It is believed that governmental subsidies to the "voluntary" plans to extend coverage down the income scale would be little different from the present system whereby health services are provided to public assistance recipients and low income families.

The "voluntary" plans, it is argued, provide a degree of flexibility which could not be assured in a wholly governmental program. Participants can add to their coverage through membership in several plans and may, through the commercial insurance companies, benefit from a "package" which includes group life, accident or disability insurance. No changes in existing professional practice are required, yet this very flexibility, it is contended, has encouraged inventiveness and rising standards of health care.

On the other hand there are those who charge that a system of prepayment through the private plans cannot be made available to all people in all parts of the country no matter how much encouragement is given to their extension. The "voluntary" approach, therefore, cannot meet the objectives of a sound health service program. Moreover, the attempt to provide all people with such coverage would simply induce a sharp rise in administrative costs.

In any event, it is alleged, the multiplicity of private plans has complicated the distribution of available health services enormously. The demands of privately insured persons are of increasing significance in such distribution. In fact, the private plans are in fierce competition for health services which are in chronic under-supply. The result is that the pricing policies of hospital or medical services tend to become increasingly dependent upon the services provided to those with prepaid coverage, and the increases in price which are inevitable, apply both to the uninsured and the insured.

Even if the argument is accepted that the variety and quantity of health services can be extended through an expansion of the "voluntary" plans, it is contended that the premiums required would be too high for most Canadians. Alternatively, subsidization would be heavy, not only because costs would be high but because incomes are low. A further complication would arise in determining the level of income at which subsidization would apply.

Finally, a major argument made against the "voluntary" plans is that they do not necessarily increase the quality or quantity of the health services. There is no guarantee in these prepayment programs that a hospital bed will be available when required; that a physician, general practitioner or specialist will be available and will treat the participant when he requires such services; or that the ultimate costs of such hospitalization or medical care will be shared by the plan and the patient in such a way that the individual or family will not find them burdensome or even "catastrophic" in serious illnesses. It is only dimly perceived that a substantial proportion of the costs of illness results from the extremely expensive medications of modern treatment, the payment for which is beyond the scope of almost all prepayment plans.

The Pros and Cons of the "Public" Approach

In the view of some authorities, the traditional method of direct fee for service is breaking down under the strain

of modern medical and hospital practice with the use of extensive diagnostic and therapeutic procedures including costly drugs, equipment and auxiliary personnel.* While these trends lead some to emphasize the importance of the "voluntary" plans, there is a considerable body of opinion which holds the opposite view that they emphasize the major obligation which must be discharged by a society which is interested in the health of its citizens. Society's obligation is not discharged through recognition of individual responsibility. Rather, it is argued, only through social responsibility for the provision of health services can the individual really assume responsibility effectively.

Illness is viewed as one of the common and widespread risks in our industrial society which may affect any individual or family without regard to age or income group. The failure of many persons or families to secure satisfactory health services is beyond individual control. Some families may be ill-informed or so poorly motivated that they do not understand or seek the benefits of preventive or curative health services. Others may find, in a country like Canada, that the necessary practitioners or facilities are just not available in their geographical area. Many families simply do not have sufficient income to provide essential health care as well as the other elements in a minimum adequate standard of living.

The adherents of the "public" approach insist, therefore, that society must assume a substantial degree of responsibility in providing essential health services for all Canadians. All three levels of government have separate and joint roles to play. This will ensure the broadest possible tax base for the financing of a health service program. Moreover, it will thus be possible to increase the quantity and quality of health care provided. Distribution will likely be more equitable and there seems no valid reason to expect interference with professional standards of practice or restrictions upon the continued advance of such standards.

In the previous part of this article it was indicated that a considerable variety of public programs has already been developed. There are "Municipal Doctor" plans; there are provincial hospitalization programs; and the system of Health Grants announced by the federal government in 1948 is essentially a federal-provincial program intended to stimulate the development of facilities such as hospitals, the training of health personnel and the extension of programs of public health. As well, it is seldom realized that the federal government has provided a virtually comprehensive system of health services for substantial groups of veterans. The arguments for and against any one or combinations of these programs could be cited.

However, it is sufficient to note that the most frequently cited advantages of the "public" approach are said to be the possibility of extending essential health services to all citizens; uniformity of health service provision and administration throughout the country; utilization of the broadest possible tax base in the method of financing; equitable distribution of the financial burden and a general assumption of responsibility by everyone for the health of the nation.

The arguments against the "public" approach are partly pragmatic, but largely philosophical. It is contended that governmental plans will probably involve compulsion. There is likely to be interference with the doctor-patient relationship and a deterioration in the quality of professional practice. In all probability there would result substantial increases in bureaucracy at all levels of government. Uni-

*The President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation, *Building America's Health*, Vol. 1, *Findings and Recommendations*, Washington, U.S. Government Printing Office, December 1952, p. 43.

formity of health service provision will not be attained since the financial incentives will not be sufficient to raise the standards in the "have-not" provinces. Some provinces may not participate at all in a federal-provincial program, which some claim is the only feasible and constitutionally-attainable government plan.

Concluding Comments

It is the philosophical argument which is most disturbing. It is possible to accept or at least understand the enthusiasm of the supporters of the "voluntary" approach for the assumption of individual responsibility and the very real expansion of the private plans over the past decade. Spokesmen for this approach, however, rarely stop at this point. Even the "most enlightened" representatives of the private plans and the insurance companies have been guilty in recent months, of statements which equate the "public" approach to health insurance with outright socialism.

Consider the statements of Mr. W. M. Anderson, Vice-President and Managing Director of the North American Life Assurance Company, at the Annual Meeting of his company on February 1, 1954. He stated:

"I fear and mistrust those who bring the 'gift' of compulsory health insurance not only because it is compulsory but it is not at all what it appears to be on the surface. I am convinced that it is not insurance at all but a deliberately designed and sugar coated illusion of insurance coverage . . . its purpose being the easy achievement of a system of state medicine as a major step toward complete socialism. However, I can sympathize with those who are taken in by this wolf in sheep's clothing since I regret to recall that only a decade ago the life insurance companies and other interested groups went on record before a special Canadian Parliamentary committee as being in favor of a comprehensive and compulsory health insurance scheme for all people. As far as I am aware, all of the persons in the life insurance business who endorsed the life company views as then expressed have later recanted. Greater experience and familiarity with health insurance has bred a maturity of thought which concludes that compulsory health insurance cannot be separated from state medicine and socialism."

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the adherents of the private plans have found it profitable to equate anti-socialism with the assumption of individual responsibility for health care. The writer finds it difficult to understand what "socialism" is and would not be in favor of it if he did understand. If it means totalitarianism then surely it is clear that no twentieth-century totalitarian state came into being because its leaders promised a compulsory comprehensive program of health services for all citizens. If what is feared is "Labour Party socialism", the worried supporters of the "voluntary" approach to the provision and financing of health services in Canada should recall that even the British Labour Party did not take the logical step of nationalizing the life insurance companies.

Whatever the outcome of the current discussions and controversy, there is bound to be an expansion of public programs during the next decade concurrently with continued expansion of coverage under the private plans. For it is clear that a comprehensive system of health services for all citizens is the most significant "missing link" in the long promised system of social and economic security for all Canadians.

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Lennoxville

D. C. Masters

► LENNOXVILLE, a town of some three thousand, may well be described as the last stand of the Anglo-Saxons in the Eastern Townships. Located in a part of Quebec where the English have everywhere been decreasing and the French increasing, Lennoxville is still 75 per cent Anglo-Saxon. This concentration of English-speaking people is the result of a combination of factors: historic, economic, and social.

Judged by Canadian standards the history of the town is comparatively lengthy. About the year 1800 a group of settlers, led by Gilbert Hyatt, settled in the Sherbrooke-Lennoxville area. Hyatt and his brother had left Arlington, Vermont, about 1796, apparently because of Loyalist sympathies. A few years later they settled in Ascot Township, the general area in which Sherbrooke and Lennoxville are located. Shortly afterwards Lennoxville and Sherbrooke emerged as thriving villages, at first named Little Forks and Big Forks respectively.

Little Forks, at the junction of the Massawippi and St. Francis Rivers, became Lennoxville in 1819. The name was derived from Gordon Lennox, fourth Duke of Richmond, the Governor-General of Canada.

Lennoxville was soon outstripped by Sherbrooke, which had water-power. Lennoxville settled down to its long career as a pleasant village set in the midst of gently-rolling dairying and stock-raising country. We get occasional glimpses of its very gradual development. In 1834 the Quebec *Gazette* described it as having "assumed the neat and comfortable appearance of a New England village."



MAN WITH CAT (Wood Engraving)—JAMES AGRELL SMITH

The character and tone of the village was largely fixed by the establishment of an Anglican grammar school, the forerunner of Bishop's College School, in the 1830's and of Bishop's College, an Anglican institution teaching divinity and the liberal arts in 1845. These two institutions, with a long and honorable record of service to Canada, constitute Lennoxville's chief claim to distinction. Until nearly the end of the nineteenth century they were combined in a single general organization. The teaching staffs consisted entirely of Anglican clergy, many of them from England. They hated Yankees, Reformers, and Methodists and loved the Empire and everything British. They believed in a social hierarchy in which everybody occupied his appropriate niche.

The connection between college and town was close and the Anglican congregation, St. George's, reflected the same attitudes as the college. A prominent member of St. George's was Christopher Rawson, the district paymaster of Canada East. Rawson was a member of an English family which later contributed, in two generations, six admirals and two generals to the British navy and army. The Rawsons settled in Lennoxville in 1860 where they lived at Elmwood, a historic house on the outskirts of the village. Well-connected and definitely gentry they fitted in admirably with the college and school communities. [See W. O. Raymond in *Montreal Gazette*, August 15 and 22, 1953].

Lennoxville thus became to a great extent Conservative and High Anglican. When Lord Monk, the Governor-General, visited Lennoxville in 1864, his sister-in-law, Frances Monk, caught the spirit of the place. "Lennoxville," she wrote, "is the Eton of Canada, and it is a charming and civilized place; the boys seem very gentlemanly and well looked after."

The village was never entirely dominated by Englishmen-living-away-from-home. It always remained an Eastern Townships village deriving some of its personnel and therefore some of its ideas from the neighboring rural countryside. With the English strain was mingled a native Canadian strain, conservative in its instincts, but not quite so enamoured of the Mother Country.

In the 1870's Lennoxville was still suburban and still charming. It was described by Lovell's *Gazetteer* in 1873 in the following terms, "Lennoxville a thriving post village in Sherbrooke co. Que. attractively situated at the junction of the Massawippi and St. Francis rivers on the G. T. (Grand Trunk) and M. V. (Main Vermont) R's . . . It contains 2 churches, 3 hotels, about a dozen stores, a brewery, 2 saw mills, and a telegraph office. Lennoxville is the seat of Bishop's College, a Church of England institution with 4 professors. It has a Royal Charter for conferring degrees in the Arts and Faculties . . . , an admirable collegiate school and also a theological college are attached to the University at Lennoxville. Pop. 900."

Lennoxville's progress, considered quantitatively, was slow. At the turn of the century it had eleven hundred people. Thirty years later it had increased to seventeen hundred. It was incorporated as a town in 1920. Meanwhile the appearance of the place had changed. A contemporary print of 1881 shows a village composed mainly of white frame structures. Shortly afterwards the red brick houses characteristic of the nineties became the dominant theme. Until the turn of the century Lennoxville was still the same quiet, reasonably prosperous and conservative village. In the twentieth century, particularly in the period since 1930, it has felt the impact of Quebec's industrial revolution. This has brought important changes in Lennoxville's population and, to some extent, in its appearance.

Modern Lennoxville is a composite, the product of the various stages in its development. There are, first of all,

the intellectual heirs, in some cases the actual descendants of the earlier settlers. The focal points of this group are the Anglican church, the local branch of the IODE and the Library Association. They are for the most part people of character and charm who reflect the conservatism of nineteenth-century Lennoxville. Recent industrialization in the Sherbrooke-Lennoxville area has brought in a second element, chiefly entrepreneurial and managerial. To some extent they are the result of industrialization in Lennoxville itself where the Union Screen Plate Co., the Philip Carey Company (asphalt shingles), and Quebec Maple Products Limited are the principal factories.

Lennoxville has also been influenced by the rise of Sherbrooke which has become a fair-sized industrial centre, producing textiles, machine tools, and heavy machinery with a population of over fifty thousand. Lennoxville is becoming the Westmount of Sherbrooke. A number of the managerial group, have moved from Sherbrooke to Lennoxville where they are building comfortable-looking houses on the western hill, remote from the older part of town.

Both the Anglican and United Churches have been affected by these recent social and economic developments. The United Church, in particular, cuts across the division into old settlers and new business men. Its congregation is composed largely of farmers, some retired and some active, in the vicinity of Lennoxville, school-teachers and members of the managerial group. Some members of the congregation are conservative allies of the Anglican "old settlers" without sharing all their religious ideas. The group is characterized by the traditional humanitarianism of the United Church. They are perhaps closer than the Anglicans to the authentic ruralism of the Eastern townships.

Lennoxville now possesses a French-speaking Roman-Catholic minority of about 25 per cent: mainly workers in factories, garage attendants, etc., but with a few businessmen from Sherbrooke. They have recently constructed a fine new church which accommodates a considerable rural congregation in addition to inhabitants of Lennoxville itself.

In its politics Lennoxville has always been conservative. In the federal elections it normally votes for the Conservatives against the Liberals in the proportion of about three to one. Third parties in the federal field have never received any appreciable support in Lennoxville. Its adherence to the old-line parties is obviously the result of the town's history and present social structure. It is Conservative rather than Liberal largely because the Conservatives are regarded as the Anglo-Saxon party. In recent provincial elections Lennoxville supports the *ci-devant* Conservative Party, the Union Nationale.

The future of Lennoxville is somewhat unpredictable. Bishop's University and Bishop's College School with their roots not only in the Townships, but also in Quebec City, Montreal, and even Ontario will be a continuing mainstay of Anglo-Saxondom. The concentration of other Anglo-Saxons, retired or managerial, will continue. There is sure to be a considerable English-speaking group in Lennoxville for many years. Whether they will long remain in the majority is a question which only the very rash would attempt to answer.

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Montreal, May 13 (CP).—The war role of Canada's firefighters will be made heavier by the hydrogen bomb, Finance Minister Abbott . . . told the annual meeting of the Dominion Fire Prevention Association. "In any hostilities fire prevention and firefighting will have their part to play. I am confident that should you ever be called on to do so, you will play that part well." (Globe and Mail)

If a British Columbian sees a cow that looks remarkably like an ice cube, or an ice cube that looks remarkably like a cow, he knows which is which without looking at his art catalogue. But the man from Ontario has trouble figuring out which is the cow and which is the ice cube. He ends up looking at his catalogue. (Vancouver Sun)

I think the city authorities should suspend all street widenings, extensions, etc. The taxpayers' money should be used to renovate our sidewalks, not just with patches, but new concrete walks should be laid all over the city. (Letter to the Editor, Globe and Mail)

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This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Meg Sears, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Robert Graves

William Blissett

► "AFTER THAT she will proclaim herself Dictator and take control of the entire State, which will also be the much-heralded World State, and ride in a coach drawn by six white asses and an ostrich, and set up a nude statue of herself two miles high at Braintree, Essex, and marry M. Judy, the French President, in a little synagogue in Marrakesh, compelling him to take her name and sign the register as Mr. Fisher—after which she will sacramentally eat him."

Mr. Robert Graves has not been so eaten; perhaps this is a reward for having transferred his allegiance from the subordinate deity Mrs. Fisher, patroness of humor, to the Triple Goddess of birth, life, and death. Like John Skelton, that excellent poet whom Graves almost single-handed retrieved from obscurity, he is a writer of Merrie Tales but does not neglect to drink of

"Elicony waters crystalline."

Excellent poet Graves is too: excellent is the word, not major or minor, which are meaningless in his case.

But Graves is best known as a novelist, and most readers come to his poems and critical works through the novels whose success has made possible his life as poet and critic. He may be called the Stanislavsky of the historical novel. Sir Walter Scott established the historical novel as a form and produced noble works; but Leopold Ranke as a boy suffered a great disillusionment when he caught Scott in the petty peculations of historical inaccuracy. At a solemn moment Ranke determined to devote himself to *was eigentlich gewesen ist*—what really happened—and with that as his motto became perhaps the greatest of nineteenth-century scientific historians. Ranke is, quite literally, Graves' middle

name, and his novels spring not from a romantic nostalgia for the past but from an immersion in all the known facts of the period of history in which they are set. But coupled with a strict regard for documents is an attempt to live the life of some person in that period, to present the facts as connected experiences, to

"Subject your pen to his handwriting
Until it prove as natural
To sign his name as yours."

The two novels written from the point of view of the Emperor Claudius are extraordinarily successful exercises in this art. They are much more solid and contemporary seeming than the historians on which they are based, partly because the author contrives to put down casually the things that the modern reader must know but which would have been taken for granted at the time, partly because in his protagonist he manages to combine unity and development of character (not to mention likeableness) over a long lifetime. *Count Belisarius* cannot be accounted such a success except in some of its circumstantial accounts of military campaigns and in the scene at the end in which Belisarius, paragon of Christian charity and fortitude, though robbed and blinded by the Emperor whom he had served, yet continues to embody such dignity and power that half the city lines up to place offerings in his beggar's bowl. However, the Byzantine blaze of glory—"God's holy fire"—is absent from the book, and the Orthodox faith which nourished the virtue of the hero is presented on the level of travesty.

Already in *Count Belisarius* there is perceptible a shift of the author's sympathy from the man to the woman. Almost without exception the women of the Claudius novels are hateful and their male dupes contemptible; and near the beginning of *Good-bye to All That* the story is related of the Irishwoman who married a soldier to save her life, then took the first opportunity to kick him to death. Belisarius and his wife are transitional figures and have the ambiguity of confusion. After the Sergeant Lamb novels, where the interest is largely historical and military, we have in that curious work *Wife to Mr. Milton* a reaction from the misogyny of the earlier books whose violence suggests something of a conversion.

Milton is treated as the great anti-poet, the servant of the Father God and despiser of women and the Muse. In place of the dull and mute spouse of the divorce tracts, a sprightly, somewhat gamey Marie Powell is invented to describe her life and times and their domestic trials. Graves is too good a historian to depart from the facts: he does not deal Marie every trump, merely contrives that Milton shall lose and she win every trick.

King Jesus is much more temperate in tone and lacks the rancor that mars *Wife to Mr. Milton*. Graves was brought up Christian, and though he saw through Christianity shortly after his confirmation—like many another modern youth who survived to write an autobiography—the figure of Jesus continued to matter to him (witness the retention of "In the Wilderness" on the first page of the *Collected Poems*). A hostile critic might recall the note in *Claudius the God* apologizing for taking Herod the Bandit's version of Christian origins and asserting that "no new scandals" have been added, and say that Graves has since been trying to remedy that defect. However, this book is seriously intended and written with dignity. In attempting a definitive myth of Christ, it provides Jesus with a royal father of the house of Herod and a wife in Mary of Bethany. The laborious preface to this *Androcles and the Lion* is supplied in the recent book written in collaboration with Mr. Joshua Podro, *The Nazarene Gospel Restored*, which I have not seen. One apparent defect which must strike any reader of *King Jesus* is a certain perversity in accepting the



THREE MEN (Wood Engraving)—JAMES AGRELL SMITH

miraculous in the uncanonical scriptures and rejecting them in the canonical and in reducing the Gospel stories to the commonplace while allowing high luminous quality to the appearances of the Triple Goddess, as in the scene between Jesus and Mary the Hairdresser and the strange conclusion when the Risen Christ departs with the three Marys.

Of the remaining novels, two have women as protagonists, two have the Goddess at the centre. *Dona Ysabel* in *The Isles of Unwisdom*, who destroys her impotent pietistic husband by witchcraft, seduces another man in order to bear a legitimate posthumous child, arranges the murder of one person and permits the starvation of many others, may seem a restatement of the Livia-Messalina-Agrippinila conception, especially since the author assumes the character of a quiet decent man, a faithful but unfanatical Catholic. Yet what in the Claudius novels appeared monstrous and inexplicable is here seen from the peculiar vantage point of Graves's moral theology as an inevitable, even a natural, consequence of man's denial of woman's divinity and his attempts to impose his hegemony upon her. Ysabel's remains a difficult case; not so that of *Jane Palfrey* in *Antigua Penny Puce*. After an amusingly deceptive opening section in which we see her from her brother's point of view as bright and brittle, a vortex of vanity, we are compelled to admit, at first with reluctance and surprise, that the brother, self-imprisoned in the male world of the public schoolboy and the middlebrow author, is hopelessly dishonest and deserves all the humiliations which his sister devises for him. *Jane*, by the way, though an Englishwoman of the twentieth century, is an accomplished witch: witness her poisoning of her brother's wedding guests by suggestion. In both these novels—the comic no less than the melodramatic—there is a disturbing excess of emotion: at the end the reader is ashamed of himself for having gloated too much over the cruelties of *Dona Ysabel* and for glorying too much in the exploits of *Jane Palfrey*.

The Golden Fleece and *Seven Days in New Crete* are the novels I admire most, probably because they are closest to centre: though one is set in the remote antiquity of archaic Greece and the other in the remote futurity of "New Crete," the world of experience of the *Poems* and *The White Goddess* is always close at hand.

In the preface to *The Golden Fleece* Graves writes that "a diversity of detail is typical of the whole corpus of Argonautic legend and justifies me in choosing for my own account whatever version of any incident makes the best sense, and even occasionally in improvising where a gap cannot be bridged by existent materials." As an exercise in anthropology and mythopoeia it makes wonderful sense. Everything that was cross-grained in *King Jesus* here goes with the grain, is plain sailing, from the first sentence to the final paragraph, which I cannot forbear quoting:

"Orpheus also died a violent death. The Ciconian women one night tore him to pieces during their autumnal orgies in honor of the Triple Goddess. Nor is this to be wondered at: the Goddess has always rewarded with dismemberment those who love her best, scattering their bloody pieces over the earth to fructify it, but gently taking their astonished souls into her own keeping."

(The head of an astonished poet forms the frontispiece of *Good-bye to All That*.)

Just such an orgy, described with the loving care of a ritualist, ends *Seven Days in New Crete*. *The Golden Fleece* is set at the time of the supplanting of the Goddess by Zeus and his Olympians; New Crete in the unspecified far future presents her as firmly re-enthroned. Graves is at last settled enough in his religion that he is able to assign a handmaid's role to Mrs. Fisher. He has achieved the most difficult kind of utopia, one that is solidly real, attractively human, im-

perfect and funny. It is yet another indication of the healing power of the imagination that it should be a poet who has produced the only alternative and answer—on the natural level—to the nihilism of 1984.

The idea of poetry as a therapeutic operation for both poet and reader has been basic from the beginning in Graves's criticism. The poet starts with a conflict or difficulty; the irritation occasions a "poetic trance" analogous to a dream state, and the poet by "secondary elaboration" tries to make his vision communicable without disturbing its privacy; the reader values the resulting poem to the degree that it solves his conflicts and difficulties. In practical criticism Graves was a pioneer in close analysis, pre-empting Empson; his insight into the poetic process even enables him to unravel and put straight a previously garbled version of such a poem as "Tom of Bedlam."

If Graves as critic sometimes makes difficult reading, it is not because he invents a ponderous terminology but because he demands of his readers a voracity for facts and a respect for the qualities of creatures. Classicist that he is, he exhibits and demands a bee's busyness, not a spider's. The title essay, for instance, in *The Common Asphodel* shows how various poets have been derelict in their duty to know the qualities of things when they have used *asphodel* as a vague poetical flower, and how others have been honestly mistaken; he sets them both right. From now on, if poets learn their lesson, nobody will try to lie down on asphodel, and evenings will be less full of the linnets' wings.

The White Goddess is a book for a lifetime, and I have only read it twice. It is called a "historical grammar of poetic myth"; but Graves is grammarian, rhetorician, and logician—mythmaker, church father, and scholastic theologian—all in one. It springs not only from his experience as a poet but from a thoroughgoing and instructed paganism. Graves would say the two are one: the woman who heals, for the poet, is the Muse, and the Muse is a goddess.

Even more than he is polymath and psychopomp, Graves is a poet, and throngs of his poems demand to be quoted and must be told no. Has it been said that Graves makes poems out of frogs and snails and puppydogs' tails? As for his satires,

"Sticks and stones may break my bones
But words can never hurt me—"

but these are sticks and stones. Yet some powerful influence rains down on all of them. In a sense not suspected by Pope,

"The Dog-Star rages, nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out."

I Remember the Darkness

Robert Fontaine

► I KNEW MY FATHER loved me and my mother loved me and I was fairly certain the Angels and the Lord loved me. All these loves were loves like the seasons, inevitable and duty-bound; like the rise of the sun.

That there were other loves I knew, or had dreamed. At eleven one dreams a great deal. It is a fascinating occupation and calls for little or no talent.

I dreamed of princesses and of beautiful school teachers in their ripe and glorious twenties. I did not know of whom else to dream. If someone had informed me of further wonderful women I would have dreamed of them gladly.

Once or twice I dreamed of Dorothy, a girl my own age, with long golden hair and the manner of a discreet, probationary angel.

Whenever I dreamed of Dorothy, I considered it an intrusion. Dorothy had no right in my dreams. On the sidewalk or in the playground she was fine. In my dreams she was out of place.

My mother said, "Are you always dreaming?"

My father said, "Let him dream. It may be he is in love."

My mother was shocked because I was too young to be in love. One is in love between the ages of seventeen and twenty-eight.

My mother baked pies and the house smelled Heavenly. My mother washed clothes and dried them clean and sweet-scented in the sun. My mother shone the tops of the furniture and made me cotton blouses. The work of my mother, in its movement and grace and in its results, was poetry.

The work of my father was playing the violin in a theatre.

The work of my mother was music and poetry.

It was natural for me to look for love that was not an ordinary love like the rising of the sun each day.

At school, my teacher taught slowly and quietly and with great patience. Her eyes were tired and she took off her spectacles and smiled at the world and the sun and the trees and then put on her spectacles again and came back to the class.

She looked at me and I was dreaming. "Are you dreaming?", she asked. "You, there, Are you in love?"

"No, ma'am."

I had once written a swear word on the blackboard to impress my rivals in class. They had been wonderfully impressed, those few who knew what the word meant. I did not know what it meant and thus it was more terrible to me than the word that may summon the Devil.

My teacher looked at the word as if there were flames around it and when she asked who wrote it I said I did.

My teacher took off her spectacles and looked at the sun and the trees and then at me, as if I had married the universe.

"Erase it," she said. "Erase it forever!"

I erased it forever.

Dorothy met me at recess and offered me a red, shining apple.

I accepted it gratefully. I accepted it as forgiveness. Dorothy was a girl and all that was profane and ugly was an insult to her and I had insulted her by writing profanity on the board. She had forgiven me with the scarlet, shining apple. There are many uses for the apple. The use of Dorothy and the use of Eve.

The teacher kept me after school one day and said as we were surrounded by silence, strange and bewildering, after the noise of the day's classes, "I am surprised at you."

"I, too, am surprised," I said.

"I am very fond of you. You are the last person I would expect to be ugly and common."

"Why?" I was truly curious. Why was I the last person?

She took off her spectacles and rubbed her eyes. Her eyes were smaller and bluer without the spectacles.

"I don't know," she said. "I really don't know. I am tired."

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

A week later I dreamed I was in love with my teacher and that through my love she had been enabled to do without glasses forever. When I arrived at school I was very disappointed to find this was not so. I was tempted, from revenge, to skip Sunday School the following Sabbath. I did not.

I went on dreaming of princesses and love. In my dreams I would tell the princess I was in love with her. But I would not know what I meant. Did I love her as I loved my mother whose work was poetry or my father whose work was music? No.

What was the love I meant?

I did not know until the eclipse of the sun.

I was not prepared for the eclipse of the sun. It was not a school day and I was not surrounded by fellow men. I was with Dorothy sitting beneath an apple tree in her yard. Her father and mother were not home and Dorothy and I were sitting and thinking.

We were thinking about each other. I could feel she thought of me and she could feel I thought of her. But we did not mention it.

I lay back and saw the sky through the leaves of the apple tree and then I shut out the world and the sky by closing my eyes.

Dorothy fell back, too, and shut her eyes and said, "Where are you?"

"I said I am dressed in armor and I am approaching a castle."

Dorothy said, "I am dressed in a gown of golden threads and I am in the castle."

We went on as I fought a legion and climbed the castle wall and many wonders did perform.

I opened my eyes and the world was in darkness. I remember the darkness as if it were solid, encasing me, smothering me, blotting out my precious aliveness.

"Dorothy!" I screamed. "The sun is gone. Everything is dark. The world is ending."

Dorothy opened her eyes and her lips trembled and her small, pale white hands shook and her voice shook, too, like a small reed.

"Oh, Dorothy, what shall we do?"

"Shhh," said Dorothy. All was still and dark and strange.

I began to cry. "Oh, Dorothy, the darkness! The light is gone. The sun is dead. The world is ending."

Dorothy put her arm around me and drew me to her and I was warm and alive and not frightened any more. Her soft, warm body trembled like a small frightened animal's. But the warmth and the sweetness and softness of her made me safe.

The way I felt the world could not end, not for a long time. There would be light again and life again and the sun would shine and the world would sing.

In this way I came to understand another kind of love.

Film Review

► AS A GENERAL RULE, Hollywood's encounters with great literature and legend have been uniformly disastrous. With the possible exception of John Houseman's recent production for MGM of *Julius Caesar*, which was after all at least half English, there hasn't been a single great novel, or story from the Bible, or Arthurian legend that hasn't come out intolerably simplified, vulgarized, or cheapened on the American screen. Oddly enough, minor novels like Hammett's *Maltese Falcon* and Clarke's *The Ox-Bow Incident*, as well as a great raft of second-rate fiction have been turned into movies quite successfully—often with some improvement on the original. This fact might seem to indicate that the movies may perhaps have been aiming too high—in their ignorance destroying, or at least obscuring the meaning of everything from the story of Salome to *Alice In Wonderland* without even having a good movie to show for their vandalism. Time after time, critics have complained that The Knights of the Round Table, or Robin Hood, or David and Bathsheba have been reduced to the level of comic-strip characters, and cries of rage have gone up from the literate minorities as well. After all, if the end result is going to be virtually an animated comic-strip, why not start with a comic-strip in the first place? The simple brilliance of this idea finally struck Twentieth-Century-Fox; Dudley Nichols, who wrote the screen-play for *The Informer* and other film classics was put to work on a comic-book source; Henry

Hathaway was assigned to direct; Robert Wagner, Janet Leigh, and James Mason took leading roles, and *Prince Valiant* ultimately emerged, in Cinemascope and glorious technicolor. And *Prince Valiant* turned out to be a good movie. From a human and literary point of view, of course, this celluloid epic has major faults. Although its setting is supposed to be Camelot in the days of King Arthur, its dialogue is straight comic-book American: "Feel my brow, Val," says a character addressed by all of the cast except James Mason as Gwain, "I cerney gotta fever." Also, its most solemn moments of dedication to the principles of Christianity and chivalry are at best laughable, and at worst quite nauseating—as for instance the scene in which the Prince's enemies set up three rough crosses in a courtyard, and announce that they are going to crucify the hero on the middle one, flanked by his father and mother, respectively, on the other two. But all these simplicities and vulgarities are implicit in the original comic books, and are presented in the movie with a kind of honest crudity and vigor that not only has its own barbaric attractiveness, but also goes a long way toward explaining why comic-books themselves take such a hold on the childish imagination.

Prince Valiant, or Val, as he is known to his intimates, with his coal-black wig cut Buster Brown fashion, his abysmal ignorance, and his adolescent swagger, may not be a civilized grown-up's idea of a hero, but to children of all ages his bright, vacant face and his enormous animal courage have an immediate appeal. Valiant, the Athletic Hero, swings through the trees like Tarzan, wields a lance and a broad-sword with a grace and intensity that have almost the force of a lyric, and puts to rout the merely clever and articulate villain, James Mason, by sheer physical vitality. In fact, it is Henry Hathaway's firm and undeviating emphasis on Val's agility that makes *Prince Valiant* a good movie—good in the same sense that the movies of Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, were good. That the hero is basically stupid, and his emotions about as refined and complex as those of a Great Dane does not, in this context, really signify. What does matter in *Prince Valiant* is the full sweeping line of physical action, superbly sustained and varied—a miracle of untrammeled and buoyant visual excitement that the eye cannot help appreciating and responding to, no matter what the brain has to say about shallow characterization and lack of intelligent content.

Still, it's a shock, not altogether of pleasure, to see a screen-writer of Dudley Nichols' calibre turning his hand to even a good comic-book movie. By the same token, it's almost equally surprising to note that George Pal's latest production, *The Naked Jungle*, treats the sensational aspect of its plot far more carelessly and cavalierly than it does the human relationships, which in most George Pal movies are usually strictly subordinate and sketchy. It may be that a restricted budget compelled Pal to use some Hollywood back-lot as a substitute for the Amazonian jungle, and to sketch in distant hills and sky with blatantly phony painted backdrops. But when the script calls for a shot of forty square miles of country covered with nothing but millions of ants, you expect more of a George Pal production than a long shot of a few square yards of heaving canvas, with two or three closeups of a couple of thousand ants milling round in a sand-box. On the other hand, an astonishing amount of care and detail is devoted to the marital problems of Charlton Heston, the owner of the cocoa-bean plantation, and Eleanor Parker, his beautiful mail-order bride. Heston, in fact, is an unusual hero for an adventure movie, combining as he does the customary intrepid courage in dealing with the ants, and a clearly-stated warped and stunted emotional attitude to all women and most men, apart from natives. Some of the dialogue in *The Naked Jungle* is as distressingly

phony as the landscapes, but the core of the dilemma in which the hero and heroine find themselves is quite believable and interesting. The treatment of this human problem is not remarkable for its depth, but its actual presence in an adventure movie is a mark on the credit side for George Pal.

D. MOSDELL

NFB

The Honest Truth	16 & 35 mm. 5 mins.
Mr. Mayor	35 mm. 10 mins.
Herring Hunt	16 & 35 mm. 11 mins.
Problem Clinic	35 mm. 10 mins.
Corral	16 & 35 mm. 12 mins.

(All photographed in black and white)

► *The Honest Truth* is the third in the series *What Do You Think?* being produced by Michael Spencer for the purpose of promoting the discussion of social and moral questions among young people. The two previous films, *One Man's Opinion* and *The Majority Vote*, were very lively and provocative, and *The Honest Truth* is no exception. Smoothly directed by Gudrun Parker (as were its two companion pictures) this little discourse wastes no time in bringing up the debatable question, which is, should a person give an honest judgment when stating one's views about life in general, or temper an opinion with favorable, but therefore not honest, words when it comes to appraising the accomplishments of a friend, whose feelings may be hurt by adverse comments. The issue is dramatized through the eyes of a college drama critic. He and a friend have just seen their fellow students perform very badly in the school play. The "leading lady" is pretty and popular, and so her performance is highly praised, as no one wishes to embarrass or hurt such a likeable person. Privately, the critic's friend agrees she was awful, but admits he doesn't intend to tell her this, as he wishes to remain within her circle of friends. When the critic says that he intends to write a frank review, his friend intimates that he seeks notoriety and is foolish to speak disparagingly about such a popular person and thus make himself unpopular. Particularly as he considers that matter to be quite unimportant, with nothing gained by telling the truth. The popular "star" then comes breathlessly over to our critic and asks his opinion. Here the film ends, leaving the issue to the audience to discuss.

A cast of students enacts this brief incident with a light and natural air, and dialogue and sound effects are neatly used to complete the realism of the situation. The script is lucid and to the point, leaving the larger issues of the matter to be developed by the audience, which will certainly find much to talk about in such a contentious subject. The director has used close-ups in an interesting way, and has been gently humorous throughout, particularly in the scene, neatly cross-cut with the critic's conversation with his friend, showing a group of bright young things callously demolishing the leading lady's performance behind her back, but rushing over to praise her with the over-worked phrase, "You were wonderful" when she emerges fresh from what she considers, and others lead her to believe, was a great personal triumph.

The four remaining films are *Canada Carries On* releases. *Mr. Mayor*, directed by Raymond Garneau, seems to be a valid yet idealistic portrayal of Mayor Horace Boivin of Granby, Quebec, who, according to this picture, takes a personal interest in the people of his town which far exceeds that shown by most mayors. His greatest feat, it seems, was making it possible for the workers to build their own housing estate because of their inability to find good homes at a rent within their means. It is on this subject which the film con-

centrates. However, it doesn't succeed in bringing it to life very clearly or vividly, nor does the character of the mayor, played by himself, register very strongly. Leonard Forest's script misses a good opportunity to bring out some facts about high rents and the cost of new homes.

Herring Hunt, directed by Julian Biggs, gives an interesting glimpse of herring fishing methods in British Columbia, and shows how the fleets of small ships are directed by radio-telephone from their head office, and use echo-sounding apparatus to detect the shoals of fish. The sense of urgency involved in finding the fish and the keen competition between rival fleets is cleverly created and sustained, and the use of sound and dialogue enhances the realism of Walter Sutton's photography of busy ships on misty seas. The script, by Leslie McFarlane, introduces a rather extraneous situation in having a new and over-confident member of the crew lose one catch through his failure to set the net properly. The ensuing conversation between him and the captain, in which the captain magnanimously allows him to try again, and so redeem himself, is juvenile in depiction and dialogue, reminding one of a Hollywood B picture, particularly in the manner in which the crew member effusively thanks the captain for his kindness. *Herring Hunt* would have left a clearer impression in the mind had it detailed the procedure of the fishing in a more straightforward style.

Problem Clinic shows how free legal aid may be obtained by people who cannot afford the high cost of a lawyer. The subject is dramatized very convincingly by director Ronald Weyman, who has shown himself adept at telling this type of story with all the realism of a Hollywood crime picture. Shabby streets, police cars, unusual characters and grim buildings, caught by cameraman Lorne Batchelor, form a varied background to a cross-section of people who apply for free legal aid. Considering this graphic treatment, one would have thought that the director could have induced the writer of the scripts, Norman Klenman, to have dispensed with the commentary.

Director Colin Low and photographer Wolf Koenig, of the NFB's animation department, went to a ranch in Southwest Alberta for a holiday last summer. Naturally, they took with them a camera, and they made a beautiful, silent film, called *Corral*, which visually shows the roping and riding of a high-spirited, half-broken horse in the foothills of Alberta. Most of the shots are expressively filmed in close-ups, bright with the sunshine and dust of the hills, and show the cowboy searching a herd for a yearling, and then training it firmly and affectionately to obey his will. This poetic and fluid camera study ends with an exhilarating travelling scene of the horse riding swiftly with its new master across the prairie and into the distance. Simply and artistically conceived, *Corral* is marred only by the background score of variations on western ballads. Otherwise there is much about this picture which compares favorably with the French short, *White Mane*.

GERALD PRATLEY.

Ballet in Canada

► THEY OPENED IN TORONTO, they next played in London, then on to St. Catharines (lots of balletomanes in St. Catharines), then Buffalo, then Detroit (lots of joints in Detroit), then on to Seattle (Stravinsky came in Seattle), then Vancouver and Victoria and Nelson (they sold some in Nelson), then Calgary and Edmonton (stampeded at Edmonton) and Winnipeg (censored), then they opened again—where?—in Toronto. Such is a partial picture of the recent jet tour of the National Ballet Company. Toronto was the only city privileged to see the effects of travel and

American acclaim upon this penniless but persistent company.

By some chance I saw them in almost the same program as I had seen before the tour. Any difference, therefore, was pointed up as in pictures showing Before and After. It seemed to me that the greatest improvement was evident in the company's performance of the second act of *Swan Lake*. One could sense a greater reserve and endurance in each dancer. There was the solidity which makes for a neat and unified performance. The *corps de ballet* were in agreement about the timing and manner of their swan-likeness, and the men's mime had improved. Lois Smith, as Odette, Queen of the swans, and David Adams as Prince Siegried both gave commanding performances dramatically and technically. Miss Smith has a very appealing quality to her dancing which could make her interpretation of this part quite distinctive if she were to gain more repose and smoothness of line, combined with the implied control of all difficulties. David Adams has this poise and strength as well as elevation of body and spirit. The weakest feature of the National's *Swan Lake* was the enchanter, Von Rothbart, whose wild gestures tickled the rib instead of chilling the spine.

The *Lilac Garden* of Anthony Tudor was much as before—an interesting performance of an interesting ballet—with perhaps a little more definition. The pathos of the young girl (Lois Smith) who must marry another (James Ronaldson) than her lover (David Adams) depends considerably upon the background complications involving the woman in the groom's past (Celia Franca); similarly the off-white of the young girl's costume is striking in contrast with the darker greens and blacks of the other costumes. Celia Franca contributes a lioness's share of the atmosphere by her vibrant expressiveness, while the pair of Adams and Smith were convincing in their act of unfulfilled love. Symbolic and mature, this ballet provides significant dancing and requires intelligent, sympathetic dancers. To a creditable degree the prescription is filled.

Lodged between the two Tudor ballets was the *pas de deux* from *Don Quixote* danced by Irene Alpine and Jury Gotshalks. I am sorry to say it was rather painful. It lacked brilliance of technique, it lacked charm, and it lacked wit, all three of which make the entertainment value of this number. The *fouetté* turns were propelled by a jiggling foot, and the flirtation was propelled by an overly self-conscious coyness.

Lois Smith appeared in her third major role of the evening as the sophisticated ballerina from Milano in *Gala Performance*—an amazing feat although it is perhaps foolish not to conserve one's forces. There is little that this ballet fails to make fun of in the open field of ballet, but it did not have so much force without the sure satiric legs of Celia Franca in the Russian role. Lois Smith alone gave a strong and humorous characterization. Angela Leigh as the reigning power from Moscow certainly made a start in the right direction, but her portrayal needs some polishing to make of it a finished performance rather than a delightful romp. Irene Alpine's performance was finished, but unfortunately seemed to have taken the wrong road. Either she had not exaggerated sufficiently, or she was taking the French girl too seriously, for the result was not too dissimilar from her previous performance. There were many good mimics in the mincing chorus line, which for once was allowed to try to steal the scene. The moral of this ballet is that when everybody tries to steal the same scene nobody gets it.

The company is showing its mettle and beginning to prove its right to be behind the lights at the viewer's expense.

WENDY MICHENER.

Turning New Leaves

► DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS, no other psychologist has aroused such bitter hostility or such passionate devotion as Freud. A well-known philosopher at Cambridge always used to refer to him as "that madman of Vienna." A brilliant Canadian theologian, on the other hand, considers that Freud is "psychology's one man of genius."

There can be little doubt that Freud's psychoanalytic movement has been the strongest single influence in world literature during the first half of the twentieth century. But it is also widely recognized that Freud's basic theories may be severely criticized in the light of subsequent developments in psychology and the social sciences. My own attitude has been almost perfectly expressed by Mr. W. H. Auden's moving lines, written in memory of Freud shortly after his death in 1939:

"If often he was wrong and at times absurd

To us he is no more a person

Now but a whole climate of opinion."

Critics and disciples alike have long felt the need for a definitive life of Freud. We are fortunate indeed that Dr. Ernest Jones has undertaken a three-volume biography, the first volume of which has recently been published.*

No one could be better qualified for such a stupendous task than Dr. Jones. He is the only survivor of a small circle of co-workers who were in constant and intimate contact with Freud; he was a close friend for over forty years; he is, in his own right, an important figure in the development of the psychoanalytical movement, having been president of the International Psycho-Analytical Association for over twenty years, and subsequently its honorary president. In addition, Dr. Jones' understanding of Freud's development is deepened by the fact that he, himself, passed through the identical disciplines, and in the same order, that Freud passed through on his way to psycho-analysis — philosophy, neurology, disorders of speech, psychopathology.

Freud himself did not feel that the world had a right to any further information about his personal life than what he had already revealed in many passages of his writings, including the brief *Autobiography*. His family respected and shared his wish for privacy. "What changed their attitude later," Dr. Jones informs us, "was the news of the many false stories invented by people who had never known him, stories which were gradually accumulating into a mendacious legend." Their decision to give unqualified support to Dr. Jones has enabled him to write the first comprehensive and authoritative biography of Freud.

Their support has meant that he has been provided with much personal information. He has also enjoyed complete access to all letters and documents in their possession. The great mass of new material, made available for the first time to Dr. Jones, includes more than twenty-five hundred early family letters. Of these the most valuable are over fifteen hundred letters exchanged between Freud and his fiancée, Martha Bernays, during the four years of their engagement, from 1882 to 1886.

Other important material, which casts a revealing light on Freud's deeper motivation in undertaking his own self-analysis in 1897, is the correspondence with Wilhelm Fliess, of Berlin, between 1892 and 1900. Freud had apparently hoped that this material, consisting of 284 extremely private letters, with accompanying scientific notes and manuscripts, had disappeared forever. But it was daringly rescued from destruction at the hands of the Nazis by Marie Bonaparte, princess of Greece and of Denmark, who has herself done post-graduate analysis with Freud.

*SIGMUND FREUD: LIFE AND WORK. VOLUME ONE—THE YOUNG FREUD: Ernest Jones; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 454; \$5.75.

The first volume of Dr. Jones' biography covers the period from Freud's birth in 1856 to 1900, the year he published his greatest book, *The Interpretation of Dreams*. The first three chapters deal with Freud's origins, boyhood, adolescence, and choice of a profession. Then three chapters on his career as a medical student and researcher in physiology and neurology are followed by three chapters on his betrothal, marriage, and personal life down to 1890. These nine chapters, the product of prodigious research, are packed with information concerning what has hitherto constituted the pre-historic period of Freud's life.

Not until we come to Chapter 10, entitled "The Neurologist (1883-1897)," does the Freud with whom we have long been vaguely familiar begin to emerge. In the next two chapters we are presented, for the first time, with a thoroughly documented and truthful account of Freud's highly controversial collaboration with Joseph Breuer, between 1882 and 1895, and his early adventures in psychopathology, at that time a somewhat disreputable branch of medicine. Then the biography moves to a climax in several remarkable chapters dealing with Freud's passionate relationship of dependence upon Fliess between 1895 and 1901, Freud's resolution of this attachment through his heroic and unprecedented self-analysis, and the slow evolution of his interpretation of dreams. The book concludes with a technical chapter, which will perhaps be fully understood only by philosophers and psychologists, on Freud's theory of the mind as it stood at the end of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Jones has attempted to reconstruct Freud's life in terms of three interwoven themes — Freud the human being, Freud the physician strictly trained in the Helmholtz School of Medicine, and Freud the discoverer of psycho-analysis. In carrying out this difficult task the biographer uses a plain



UP THE HILL TO SPRINGFIELD (1901)—C. M. MANLY (From *The Toronto Art Students' League 1886-1904*, courtesy of Mr. William Colgate and The Ryerson Press.)

historical method combined with the simple, unassuming style of the scientist. He interprets Freud's life in terms of periods and influences which follow well-defined chronological sequences.

The latter half of the book is much less successfully organized than the first half. In the last nine chapters a commendable effort to portray Freud at different levels, and in terms of varying perspectives, has involved a certain repetition of motifs. To many readers Dr. Jones' arrangement of chapters on periods and influences in Freud's life, followed by chapters on Freud's scientific attitudes during those same periods and under those same influences, will appear labored and repetitious. The selection and organization of material presents difficulties to any biographer, and for a subject like Freud such difficulties may well be insuperable.

If Dr. Jones has not written a literary masterpiece, he has made a massive contribution to our knowledge of Freud the man and Freud the scientist.

In his portrayal of Freud the man he combines, in eminent degree, sympathetic insight with remarkable objectivity. Freud was, in many of his personal relationships, unusually irascible and difficult. While Dr. Jones' English reserve does not permit him to tell all, he certainly does not conceal the more terrifying aspects of Freud's personality.

This book, therefore, is no idealized portrait. It enables us to understand, for the first time, what mighty passions animated the young Freud, how unlike he was in reality to the calm scientist he is often depicted, how powerful were his repressions, and how torn he was by love and hate. But, in spite of everything, Freud emerges as one of the greatest personalities of western civilization. "His claim to greatness," Dr. Jones writes, "lies largely in the honesty and courage with which he struggled and overcame his own inner difficulties and emotional conflicts by means which have been of inestimable value to others."

Dr. Jones does not hesitate to tell us nearly everything we want to know about Freud the man. But he seems much happier when he is depicting Freud the scientist. I was thrilled by his account of Freud's career as a student and researcher in physiology and neurology at the great medical school of the University of Vienna. I had not known before how close Freud came to discovering the important neurone theory, the basis of modern neurology. Nor had I realized that Freud was one of the earliest promoters of the medicinal uses of cocaine. It was apparently due to his inspiration that Carl Koller first used cocaine as a local anaesthetic during an eye operation in the summer of 1884. Such episodes provide interesting, as well as important, side-lights to the story of Freud's impressive training in the medical sciences under such great men as Brücke, Meynert, and Charcot.

Freud's teachers were strict physiological materialists, members of the Helmholtz School of Medicine which was dominant in Germany and Austria after 1850. It took Freud many years and much anxious thought before he was able to shake off certain doctrines of this school.

Some readers will find Dr. Jones' lengthy account of Freud's scientific pilgrimage too difficult to follow in detail. But this book has convinced me that we cannot understand the significance of Freud's discovery of psycho-analysis unless we understand the scientific environment out of which that discovery slowly emerged in the eighteen-nineties.

Dr. Jones has made it clear once and for all that the theory and practice of psycho-analysis grew out of a strictly trained scientist's experiences in the treatment of neuroses. Freud, almost puritanical in his own moral outlook, was profoundly disturbed by the discovery of the omnipresence of sexual factors in early childhood among the causes of neuroses. He was driven, also, to formulate his celebrated concept of the

unconscious mind because it was the only concept that would make the facts intelligible.

Freud was a weaver of remarkable theories; he was also a devoted, sensitive, and fearless healer of humanity. Today his theories are enjoying an expansive application in the psychological and social sciences; his therapeutic methods remain as a substantial contribution to psychological medicine. As the hundredth anniversary of his birth draws near, it is fitting to offer homage to Freud, one of the makers of the twentieth century.

JOHN A. IRVING

Our Town II

After the factories, the homes;
After the homes, the graves—
And oil embalming it all
In iron waves.

The livid rails stripe our land as the embraces of a whip would
Bind the earth louder than thongs,
But pay eight and extras to widows and orphans,
Keeping us fiscally strong,
With Circuses at Christmas time
For the loyal laboring throng.

The town has its mansions,
The graveyard its tombs;
The lovers will settle
For furnished rooms
And feed their babies
From chromium spoons.

Our backyards can few flowers grow:
There's smog above and smut below.
What we need we can buy from the corner florist—
A kind, parched face and forgotten artist,
With a new genteel blue neon sign,
Convenient to church, mortician, and bus line.

Mary Samchek had two sons,
Each lived as he was able:
One became a driftwood preacher;
The other was far more stable—
He opened a food and liquor store,
Married a girl called Mabel
And always had steak on the table.

Our curve of living has a mystic leaven
Presaging (and democratizing) heaven:
One becomes two, two five and more;
Everyone crowds for election at the golden door
Where God insures against depreciation.
Decomposition is another situation.

After the factory, the home,
After the home, the grave—
A modest return
On the love we gave.

Murray Hartman

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Black Spruce Swamp

These trees stand open and apart,
like a gathering of courteous strangers.
Green-tufted spits of charcoal,
blackened canes under a dust-gathering of dead twigs,
they lean with the wanderings of flooded roots.
The yellow marsh grass
flows like a haze
among their lonely stalks.
Maples, with their rippling trunks,
or sleek white pine, with neatly tasseled branches,
are trees of trees.
These are not trees.
On the high ground
jack pine and balsam
cackle over the rocks
and birch and poplar
flutter their leaves
in giddy femininity.
Removed,
the black spruce are muted by some foreign sorrow.
Up on the slopes and crests
life is rough and tumble,
even the dead and dying
maintain the glad confusion.
The swamp devours its own dead—
sucks them down the moment they fall.
Denied
color, strength, hope,
this is a barren struggle.

J. D. M. Brierley

Summer Squall

Dust whips along the harbor road like spindrift.
The lowly alders toss their gritty branches
In a frenzy of obeisance. The frayed poplar
At the hayfield's corner cowers and blanches.

Half the blue summer sky goes dark and sullen.
The bay is puckered with rain. A great bird pitches
Over the inland woods and roadside ponies
Clatter to shelter in the stony ditches.

Meshed on the kitchen pane the raindrops glitter
Like silver salmon scales. Through blur and racket,
Weathering the squall aboard his gull-grey dory
Uncle Enoch hunches in his old pea-jacket.

Lenore Pratt.

Higblad Ball

A confusion of color, conversation
Restive as the waiting ear;
The skirl of pipes, and suddenly, drumbeat;
Dancers whirled like constellations
Across the hardwood sky;
The flirt of tails with bouffant skirts
In pas de basque, seen
Through linked impersonal arms;
The geometry of knees and backs.
Music faster, motion madly, and
Without a partner for the Reel O'Tulloch,
Rigid as a left out child,
Myself upon a cold funereal chair.

Lu Seymour.

Caedmon, Sing Me Something of the National Potential

"This is precisely what I mean by most of our poets not taking advantage of the national potential. There is something in the national climate today that will leave its mark on any truly sensitive writer's work. I believe that it can be felt and recognized and yet I hardly ever find it in our poetry."

James Scott, in the *Ottawa Journal*, Dec. 26, 1953.

Great Scott! How insensitive can a poet get?
And will John Fisher be our laureate yet?
Of what men shall our Canadian Virgils sing,
Aberhart, Henry Holt, and Mackenzie King?

Or shall we discuss apartness with a Negro in Dresden,
Inviolable rights with a Japanese Canadian,
Brotherly love with a Jew buying a cottage,
Independence and a mess of American pottage?

I'll compose you a sonnet, dear James, with maple leaves
on it,

An ode on combines, discreetly, in the modern mode,
A triolet gracefully limning Houde as a violet,
An epic on Duplessis and the liquor traffic,
An epigram on the Star and Telegram,
A terza rima on Chalk River and Hiroshima,
A lyric on Social Credit, a panegyric
On wages in bargain basements, a squib for sages
Who serve on Royal Commissions and deserve
What they get. I'll write you a rondeau, lest we forget
Company towns and the nation's economy.
We can tunnel a mountain, drain a lake, and funnel
A river for power, lay down a pipe line and give her
The gas, or build a sky scraper in concrete and glass.

A poet can lord it grandly from Border to Pole,
And what shall it profit him, if he lose his own soul?

Fred Swayze.

Books Reviewed

SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT: Frederic Wertham: Clarke, Irwin (Rinehart); pp. 400; \$4.00.

Some years ago, Mezz Mezzrow, the evangelist of New Orleans jazz, remarked in his memoir *Really the Blues* that twentieth-century white America had developed "a culture where all your dreams dangle from a G-string. If it was violent and brutal and set their nerves jumping," he went on, "it was art to them." As in post-1919 Germany, American popular songs today have almost abandoned sugar and sentiment. They call instead for the immediate fulfillment of desire, or demand absolute license: "Make Love to Me," "I Want To Be Evil." The condemnation of Hollywood's sexual abandon often hides a goatish leer.

Dr. Wertham's study of American crime comic books (not strips) shows what happens when a psychiatrist gets hep to this jive. The clinical methods we have grown used to meeting in the other camp are now zeroed in, with considerable effect, on comic-book targets. The doctor has a nice eye for pictures, too: the illustrations in his book are perhaps the most grisly collection of horrors since Beardsley and *The Yellow Book*. His argument is simple: crime comics are sadistic, degenerate, and obscene; their effect on children is substantial; they should be restricted or even banned. This sort of thing is hard to prove, for the law likes "facts," and Wertham's evidence is largely circumstantial. He will probably be ridiculed for preferring

"mothers' good sense" to "experts' dogmas." Critics will cite *Areopagitica*, forgetting the reference in Sonnet XII to

. . . hogs
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood . . .
License they mean when they cry liberty.

The children themselves are Wertham's best witnesses; they document his more startling conclusions. The book is often as terrifying as Svidrigailov's nightmare of innocence transformed into shameless depravity.

Wertham's case against the comic book demands attention; but his case against the human race is more persuasive. For when comic books are thoroughly suppressed, what then? What is new about either the violence Wertham deplores or the morality he advocates? They were there all along. Down with comic books, by all means. But the roots lie deeper. Spenser said.

The donghill kinde
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let Grill be Grill, and have his hoggish mind;
But let us hence depart, whilst wether serves and wind.

Unfortunately, not being Guyons, we can't depart. We must live with Grill. Dr. Wertham discovers at last that "not the mentality of children, but the mentality of adults" is at the core of the comic book mess. But is he right in believing this to be merely a "social" condition? "I am convinced," he says, "that in some way or other the democratic process will assert itself and crime comic books will go, and with them all they stand for and all that sustains them." Romans VI, 14 might give Dr. Wertham a hint as to the manner of this deliverance.

Hugh Maclean.

EXCEPT THE LORD: Joyce Cary; Michael Joseph; pp. 287; \$3.00.

In this novel Joyce Cary takes us back to the childhood and young manhood of Chester Nimmo, the odious and successful politician of *Prisoner of Grace*. There Nina, his much-enduring wife, had told the story of Nimmo's rise to power. In the present book Nimmo, now a broken-down old man, is allowed to survey the days of his youth and tell how the child was father to the man. It is as if Cary, having made us detest the slimy and sanctimonious politician of the earlier book, had said: "Hold on a bit! There is something to be said for Nimmo. Or at least there is an explanation for him."

Here it is. Nimmo's father was a Devonshire laborer, a deeply read man, a lay preacher who awaited the Second Coming of Christ on April 15, 1868. The lad's youth was shadowed by ignominy, debt, and the fear of hell. At Lilmouth Great Fair he saw his first play, a crude melodrama which showed the wrong inflicted upon the poor by the rich, and in that hour he succumbed to the fascination of evil power and to the spell of resounding words. At the age of fourteen he forsook the religious faith of his father and came under the influence of a Tolstoyan anarchist. This was a conversion, from faith in God to faith in Humanity. He became active as a Radical and as a union organizer for many years. Eventually he discovered that in politics leaders tell lies for the good of their followers and followers kick in the teeth of those who would help them; then Nimmo went back to God and joined the Liberals.

As story, this book has not the color and excitement of earlier Cary novels like *The Horse's Mouth* or *Herself Surprised*; rather it has a stagnant-pool effect which is appropriate to its decayed and unctuous narrator. As a study of how we get Ramsay MacDonalds and Mackenzie Kings, the book carries psychological conviction. Furthermore, it brings us another of Cary's dynamic and loving women in Nimmo's

sister, Georgianna, who fights like a little demon, lies to and defies and adores her father, and chooses her own man.

Carlyle King.

BAUDELAIRE, A STUDY OF HIS POETRY: Martin Turnell; (British Book Service); pp. 328; 1953; \$4.25.

The whirligig of taste has seldom spun around so spectacularly as in the case of Baudelaire. Prosecuted in his lifetime as an offender against public morality, relegated after his death to the limbs of the *poètes maudits*, classified later as a "Satanist" or "decadent," defended at the turn of the century as a votary of "art for art's sake," he emerged triumphant after the first world war as the ancestor of the modern school of poetry, and is now hailed everywhere by the poets and critics of the post-1914 generation as the greatest French poet of the nineteenth century.

There is really nothing surprising in all this, Baudelaire is the first (and greatest) poet of "the waste land"—that grim tract haunted by the spectres of "ennui," sin and death, which the optimistic nineteenth century with its faith in "progress" preferred to shun but which the disenchanted poets of our day regard as man's natural habitat. But not only has the world caught up with Baudelaire's outlook on life; it finds his manner also more congenial than that of most poets of the Victorian era.

In view of Baudelaire's influence on all modern poetry (whether French or other), Mr. Turnell's enthusiastic and scholarly study should be welcomed by all lovers of the art. After a sketch of the poet's life based on the most recent researches, the author devotes the major portion of his book to an "Interpretation of the *Fleurs du Mal*." That is an analysis of them, poem by poem, with abundant quotation. This is followed by a chapter on "Style (Versification, Language, Imagery)" and a "Select Bibliography" covering six pages.

Mr. Turnell's criticism is always sensitive and well-informed. He sometimes seems to underline the obvious, but to this reviewer his main fault is a tendency to indulge in naïve dogmatism. It is all very well to be enthusiastic about your author, but what is the use of *ex cathedra* pronouncements like the following: "he remains the greatest European poet of the century" (European, mind you, not merely French)? Whereupon we behold Goethe, Keats, Wordsworth, Leopardi, Pushkin, Hugo suddenly sink below the horizon! The poet who has the greatest chance of surviving is the one whose range is so great that some of his "values" will fit in with any scheme of "transvaluation." Could Baudelaire meet this challenge? Within his field he is unsurpassable; but his range is limited. It is significant that when André Gide—one of the finest critical minds of our time and one not likely to underestimate Baudelaire—was asked who the greatest French poet was, he did not mention the author of *Fleurs du Mal*. His exquisitely ironic answer was: "Victor Hugo—alas!" And that—as the Americans would say—"just about wraps it up."

A. F. B. Clark.

THE GOLDEN HONEYCOMB: Vincent Cronin; Clarke, Irwin (Rupert Hart-Davis); pp. 267, ill.; \$3.35.

Writers of travel books confront a dilemma: to give unity to what is inevitably heterogenous material they can either stress their own personality, and run the danger of intolerable egotism, or choose a theme round which to group it, with the risk of monotonous artificiality. The writer of this book on Sicily has chosen the second alternative. His theme is the legend of the golden honeycomb fashioned by Daedalus as an offering to the Aphrodite of Mount Eryx, and it must be confessed that the constant pursuit of this somewhat far-fetched symbolism is at times wearisome. Other

wise it is a delightful book about one of the most fascinating islands in the world. Nowhere else perhaps have so many and so diverse civilizations left so permanent an imprint: Sicels, Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, Swabians, Angevins, Arragonese, Spaniards, and Italians, not to mention—as Mr. Cronin does not mention—the ducal title it gave to Nelson. Through this "honeycomb" of history and monuments the author deftly guides the reader. If the lion's share is justly taken by Greek Temples and Norman mosaics, a whole chapter is devoted to the newly-discovered and fascinating Roman villa at Piazza Armerina and another to the equally fascinating Sicilian Baroque. There are a few lapses; a "King of Savoy" is unknown to history, and the space devoted to the Venus of Syracuse, one of those many ancient statutes that recall the Great Exhibition, is surprising. But what distinguishes this book is the author's acute understanding of the people and his sympathetic, though by no means romantic, analysis of their character. Especially penetrating is the discussion on pp. 82-83 of the "benevolent paedocracy," a passage that should be carefully pondered by sociologists, economists, and educators.

G. Bagnani.

THE HEART OF AFRICA: Alexander Campbell; Borzoi Books); pp. 487; \$5.75.

BEFORE THE AFRICAN STORM: John Cookson; McClelland & Stewart; (Knopf); pp. 279; \$4.25.

"Cleopatra's nose: had it been shorter the whole face of the earth would have changed." The super reporter finds his text in Pascal; Mr. Campbell isn't an exception. He has given us, in the lively account of his travels in the trouble spots of Africa south of the Sahara, a pretty fair measure of the newest noses in the continent. And should we want to know what is happening, say, in the Rhodesias, he is ready to tell us that Sir Godfrey Huggins has a brown moustache.

Mr. Campbell is a Scot, resident in Johannesburg, who has learnt to write with an American accent. In charge of the African bureau of *Time* and *Life*, he has a bold, simplifying eye, and if he sees things in black and white, so much the better. By doing so he focusses attention on the color-bar and exposes the various racial antagonisms that poison the air of the Union, the British territories, and to a lesser extent the Belgian, French, and Portuguese colonies.

The book is sumptuously produced with photographs, maps, and an index. The jacket displays a tribal mask next to a telephone receiver; an apt symbol, not only of the author's up-to-the-minute, horse's-mouth reporting, but of the new Africa itself.

Before The African Storm doesn't concern itself with noses, though it covers the same ground as *The Heart of Africa*. While Mr. Campbell is merely a Scot, Major Cookson is accorded, in his blurb, the more dashing title of "British-born cosmopolitan." Accordingly, he sprinkles his dialogue with *nom de dieu* and other lifesmanlike foreign phrases; he even has a character drink Pernod and finds it necessary to explain what it is. What a pity that he tends to give the show away in sentences like this: (p. 43) "The great trouble in Portugal's rich colonies of Angola and Mozambique is that the colonist so often sinks to native level."

Developments in the various African territories are considered against their historical background, beginning with the Belgian Congo where Major Cookson was English editor of the National Broadcasting Service. The style is decidedly stuffy, and though the author has assiduously read up the history books and local newspapers, he is not always so well informed as he might be. In his Kenya

section he mentions a religious sect which he calls *Watu ya Mungu* (men of God). That this is a false concord in Swahili (the second word should be *Wa*) is no great matter, but it is a solecism of a kind so commonly perpetrated by Kenya settlers that one becomes suspicious of Major Cookson's sources of information. It looks as if his mildly apocalyptic bodings may be no more than concessions to the New Look in African commentary.

Kildare R. E. Dobbs.

THE TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE: 1886-1904; William Colgate; Ryerson Press; pp. 23; \$2.25.

From 1847 when the Toronto Society of Artists ceased to function until 1872 when the Ontario Society of Artists was formed "the practice of painting," Mr. Colgate says in a delicate understatement, "did not precisely flourish." To meet a rising need then, in 1886 the Toronto Art Students' League was founded, starting modestly as a sketch club with five members at the first meeting. The League quickly expanded, including women among its members, drawing up a constitution, and meeting expenses through monthly fees. During eight months of the year, indoor life classes were held; in the summer, the members went sketching in the countryside surrounding Toronto, or even as far afield as Quebec and the Maritimes.

The League held an annual exhibition, with prices as temptingly low as two dollars. Even so, the number of sales was not high. In 1892, the members entered upon the project of putting out a yearly calendar, illustrated by its members with drawings of Canadian life. It is from these calendars, the last of which was published in 1904, that the twenty-odd delightful and historically useful illustrations in this book have been taken.

For all those who are interested in the history of Canadian art and art movements, and for those whose interest lies in the Canadian scene of three quarters of a century ago, (excepting possibly those who already possess Mr. Colgate's earlier book *Canadian Art: its Origin and Development* in which the League is fully dealt with) this book is really a "must."

R. T. Lambert.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: Howard Mumford Jones; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard University Press); pp. 168; \$4.75.

The idea of pursuing happiness is basic to American culture, but what does it mean? Professor Jones, with delightful good humor and a wealth of learning lightly carried, traces the development of "the glittering generality" from its emergence in political declaration and state constitution to its contemporary manifestations in women's magazines. The law courts have struggled unsuccessfully with the phrase and have at various times equated happiness with many things, including Christianity, freedom of contract, public welfare, and the right of the individual to be protected against the public. To the eighteenth century philosophers, who were responsible for introducing the idea, happiness seemed to be connected with disinterested contemplation of truth, resignation to the course of things, and a life of quiet leisure undergirded by a considerable amount of cash. In the nineteenth century James Fenimore Cooper found happiness to lie in contemplation of God and His works; Emerson found it in self-fulfilment according to spiritual laws, and William James in adjustment to life plus a sanguine temperament. In the twentieth century happiness is associated with a smiling face and the pursuit of a good time in packs. Professor Jones wryly concludes: "It may be that Jefferson was wiser than we are, and that to rest content with limited, yet not unsatisfactory, opportunities and power is the highest felicity an individual or a nation can achieve in an indifferent universe." Carlyle King.

BUT WE WERE BORN FREE: Elmer Davis; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 363; \$5.75.

The author of this treatise, like many other social philosophers, is deeply disturbed by the intrusion into North America —hitherto self-sufficient and self-satisfied—of disruptive ideologies incompatible with the local conception of democracy. He accepts the idea of both external and internal cold war which may last indefinitely. He discusses constitutional changes to meet the threat of internal cold war and rejects this solution of the problem.

He emphatically rejects the idea of guilt by association. That this is an old problem is evidenced by the protest to the Emperor Titus by Justin the Martyr who pointed out that with other people the Romans took evidence and acted upon it while in the case of Christians the individual was convicted because of his associates. The problem is probably inherent in an imperialistic society.

Interpretative reporting is suggested as a partial answer to the infiltration of anti democratic ideas. In the final chapter he compares the freedoms of old age and youth. In closing he says: "I think we can defeat this attack on the freedom of the mind if enough of us stand up against it". He does his share by writing this book. *Norman Found.*

A REPORTER REPORTS: I. Norman Smith; Ryerson; pp. 145; \$3.00.

I. Norman Smith, associate editor of the *Ottawa Journal*, is the oddly named, or rather the oddly initialed, son of E. Norman Smith, who holds an even more important position on the newspaper. In his dual capacity of son and associate editor, I. Norman has had extensive opportunities for travelling. He has taken full advantage of them and has roamed through many distant places, interviewing important people, probably being the first Canadian to talk with some of them. He has also been on good terms though always a keen observer with many Ottawa public men and has presented them attractively. I. Norman Smith is not likely to be a muck-raker, and he would find approval of his opinions on some of these people far from unanimous. The articles which make up *A Reporter Reports* have already appeared in the *Journal*. They are likely to please a wider circle of readers when they are presented between hard covers.

J. V. McAree.

TURN EAST, TURN WEST: Luella Creighton; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 373; \$3.75.

Those who enjoyed *High Bright Buggy Wheels* will welcome Mrs. Creighton's second novel. Again her setting is rural Ontario, and once more she demonstrates her ability to evoke a vivid and convincing atmosphere. Her new heroine, Laura Paparin, has much in common with Tillie Shantz: both are young, beautiful, and determined to develop their own personalities despite community disapproval. Where her first novel dealt with the conflict between trends and Mennonite traditions, this time Mrs. Creighton tackles the more universal conflict between the creative individual and the pressure of mass conformity.

Mrs. Creighton has a gift for conveying the beauty and significance of simple events, and for creating a mood which pervades every incident she describes. This descriptive skill makes her books a pleasure to read, but she does not seem to have yet developed a similar skill in depicting character. Her people are individual, charming, striking, believable—but they are not yet very real. Perhaps it is this lack of complete reality that leads Mrs. Creighton to put them through somewhat melodramatic events. Reduced to a bare skeleton, *Turn East, Turn West* smacks a little of the soap-opera type of plotting. Laura's mother has a stroke, her father drinks too much and manages to kill himself in a

blaze of publicity, the local preacher and the boy she loves both make improper advances to her, and finally she tries to commit suicide. Such a blunt summary is hardly fair, but it does make the soap-opera tinge very apparent, and indicates that the book is good in spite of rather than because of its plot. If the characters were a little more fully developed they would not need to go through such violent antics to reveal themselves.

Perhaps it is partly Mrs. Creighton's greatest asset: her power of evoking a significant mood, that makes it difficult for us to believe completely in her characters. Her poetic style is so effective that it creates an atmosphere richer than life—a sort of fairy-tale setting—in which it is probably hard for ordinary flesh-and-blood to breathe. But in spite of this criticism, *Turn East, Turn West* is a thoroughly enjoyable novel. It is because it is so good that one wishes it could have been even better. *Edith Fowke.*

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE: John B. Carroll; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 289; \$6.15.

THE MIRACLE OF LANGUAGE: Charlton Laird; Nelson, Foster and Scott; pp. 308; \$4.75.

Mr. Carroll's book is chiefly of interest to the linguist, the teacher, or the psychologist, and not as a textbook but as a bibliography. It presents a rapid review and sketchy evaluation of work done or being done in the broad field of linguistics and related sciences. It is also useful to the student desirous of subject material for theses, in pointing out problems of language study not yet fully tackled.

Professor Laird's book deals chiefly with the history of the English language and the problems of modern-day grammar. It is written in a lively, understandable, and sometimes enjoyably controversial style, as though for a series of lectures to sophomore students. The book is cluttered up with annoyingly arch chapter headings and sub-headings ('United in Holy Wordlock'; 'Homo Saxophonensis') presumably to placate the fears of one who approaches a book on language as dull and formidable. The author proves this quite unnecessary by his vivid treatment of the subject.

S. Lambert.

THREE SINGLES TO ADVENTURE: Gerald Durrell; Clarke, Irwin (Rupert Hart-Davis); pp. 219; \$3.75.

This is a story of the trials and dangers, excitement and fun of an animal-collecting expedition made by the author and two companions near Adventure and Karanambo in British Guiana. Mr. Durrell's business is to provide the zoological gardens of Europe with interesting animals found in the less accessible parts of the world, but he also enjoys his vocation immensely, and has been able to communicate this and his affection for all of nature's creatures to his readers. British Guiana yielded an easy and large harvest of strange water, land, and tree life, but none more interesting than the two-toed sloth which sleeps hanging by all fours from a branch, the red howler monkey, the toothless giant anteater, and the pipa toad whose young are born from eggs deposited on her honeycombed back. The descriptions of the habitat, temperament, and habits of such species as the capybara, caymen, pimpla hog, and the tank 'e God are drawn with care and supported by photographs. A map, and an index of animal names are useful additions.

The book is not written for the specialist, and much of it is taken up with the thrills, amusements, and frustrations of the chase. It will be most enjoyed by nature lovers, children, and those who like to visit zoos. The author fails to give any meaning to the lives of the native hunters who co-operated in the search, and he depicts British Guiana itself as little more than the abode of wild animals. But the book pretends

to be no more than a chronicle of adventure and business in the jungles and savannahs of British Guiana, and in this its success is real, and it is never dull.

O.C.

RACE, JOBS, AND POLITICS: Louis Ruchames; Oxford (Columbia University Press); pp. 255; \$4.00.

This book tells the story of the wartime Fair Employment Practices Commission which was created by executive order of President Roosevelt in 1941 to combat discrimination on grounds of race, creed, or national origin in defense industries and government. The author sticks very closely to the details of the Commission's work and only rarely introduces any general ideas on race relations, their bearing on party politics, or the ways in which legal and governmental action can affect traditional attitudes and practices. Thus except as a historical monograph, his book contributes little to our general knowledge about such matters. When he goes beyond sheer description, he does no more than summarise conventional pro-FEPC liberal views. He gives the impression that only the Bilbos and Rankins, predatory business interests, racketeering unions, and anti-New Deal reactionaries opposed FEPC, while the "public" was overwhelmingly for it (and still is). No evidence for the latter contention is cited except the support of FEPC by numerous associations many of which were undoubtedly—and quite properly—trying to lead their members rather than reflecting membership views.

In spite of extensive documentation, this one-sided emphasis is too evident throughout the book. Consequently, it resembles a legal brief for state and federal FEPC's with strong enforcement powers rather than a critical though sympathetic appraisal of the United States' one major experiment with federal prohibition on a nation-wide basis of discriminatory employment practices. *D. H. Wrong.*

MAN'S UNCONQUERABLE MIND: Gilbert Hight; Oxford; pp. 137; \$3.50.

Man's Unconquerable Mind is presented as Professor Hight's personal interpretation of Columbia University's bicentennial theme: "Man's right to knowledge, its free possession and use." In a carefully wrought essay, he examines the record of the adventures of the thinking mind through 3,000 years of Western civilization, and urges us to adopt the civilization of Greece and Rome as a touchstone in interpreting our own destinies in these troubled and troubling times.

In a chapter on "The Unpredictable Intellect" Mr. Hight dwells on the incalculable forces and results at work in the field of intellect. He reminds us, in a neat sentence, that "the secret of education is never to forget the possibility of greatness;" we must not neglect the average mind, but the alert mind *must* be encouraged, for civilization depends on this type of mind.

Censorship and academic freedom are included in his analysis of the limits of knowledge; he illuminates the problems but wisely makes no attempt to solve them. Our beliefs and conduct are determined finally by reason. The limitations on our use of knowledge can be reduced, according to Mr. Hight, to the principle that "knowledge must not be used to hurt human beings."

Mr. Hight, a professor of classics, writes in a classic style and tone—calmly, lucidly and simply. Informality and brevity result in occasional over-simplification, but this timely essay will not disappoint the audience for which it is apparently intended—the large one of furrowed middle-brows.

Clifford Morris.

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THE NET AND THE SWORD: Douglas Le Pan; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 56; \$2.00.

In these poems, Douglas Le Pan's theme is the War in Italy. His style is unlike that of any other Canadian poet who comes to mind, it is rather baroque, "leafy with marvels like a romantic wood" in contrast to the compressed style so popular since Auden.

"Tuscan Villa" the opening poem of the series, is an evocative piece of descriptive poetry, marred by the first quatrain which is watered-down Eliot, but magnificently redeemed later on by "the whorled extravagance" of its imagery.

Taken as a whole these poems evoke the atmosphere of a violent time imbedded in a gentle timelessness, a still eternity. The imagery of war is suffused by the golden light of the Italian landscape, the personae arrested like the figures on a freize. This static quality becomes a weakness, noticeable for instance in "One of the Regiment," an exceedingly well-wrought poem, but a passive one. The shock and thrust of war is here but somehow muffled. *H.T.K.*

THE WELL OF THE SILENT HARP: James Barke; Collins; pp. 350; \$3.00.

This is the fifth and final volume of James Barke's fictional biography of Rabbie Burns, a loving and sometimes laborious work. The preceding volumes were: *The Wind that Shakes the Barley*; *The Song in the Green Thorn Tree*; *The Wonder of all the Gay World*; *The Crest of the Broken Wave*; all of which have been reviewed here.

The fashion for turning good biographical material into fiction does not always serve the writer or the reader well. Fiction seems superfluous in a life lived as fully and flamboyantly as Burns' was. The poet, proud and independent in the midst of poverty, disease, and disaster, is surely as romantic a figure as anyone could devise. Then there are his loves. If any woman crossed Burns' path without throwing herself at his feet, Mr. Barke has yet to hear of her. In the recounting, these conquests sound a little crude. The resulting love songs do not, and it is these that matter. Mr. Barke's work is addressed to the general reader; better perhaps to the Burns' enthusiast. In these volumes, Burns the poet is quite overlaid by Burns the man. *H.T.K.*

THE LETTERS OF SARA HUTCHINSON: edited by Kathleen Coburn; University of Toronto Press; pp. 474; \$6.00.

These are the letters of a private person, albeit an intimate of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their circle. Students of nineteenth century English will find them all the more useful because their author was not inhibited by any awareness that they might one day be "used." A general reader will hardly know what to do with the mass of detail. But he too will be grateful that these pages have been made accessible and may well find his own uses for them: perhaps to mark whether he is learning about a period as he reads, or about a small, unrepresentative group within it, or about a particular individual, who is vigorously present in every line she writes.

The editing is unobtrusive and careful. The letters are chronologically arranged and printed virtually in full. An index of names enables the reader to keep the context clear without fountaining in footnotes. The general index gives specific references—if you want to look again at the passages on hats or Scotland or the Poor Rates you must rely on your memory. *M.A.*

Without freedom, says Mr. Commager, no nation can survive for long. In

FREEDOM, LOYALTY, DISSENT

he denounces those forces which are seeking to destroy traditional American liberties while pretending to serve them. In five chapters he looks at recent phenomena such as loyalty purges, the irresponsible smearing of individuals by Congressmen and others, the wholesale labeling of organizations as "subversive", the growing acceptance of "guilt by association", and the apathy of most citizens towards their constitutional rights. He presents the issues at stake more clearly than they have ever been presented before.

FREEDOM, LOYALTY, DISSENT, by Professor Henry Steele Commager, is available through all booksellers. 168 pages. \$2.75.

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